

*Summer, 1960*

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*A Quarterly Journal of Fact and Opinion*

# Columbia University **FORUM**

The American Fertility Cult

*Lincoln Day*

Clearing It Up About Relativity

*Alexander Dorozynski*

The Wisdom Society & I

*Robert J. Clements*

A Visit to Eihei-ji

*Wm. Theodore de Bary*

The Mountain

*Robert Pack*

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*A Quarterly Journal of Fact and Opinion*

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# LETTERS

## Snowing in America

• I am much impressed by Mr. Lekachman's piece on the Rede Lecture. [ "Some Reflections on Modern Ignorance: Snowing in America", Spring 1960.] It is one of the most intelligent I have seen, and certainly one of the most useful to me.

C. P. SNOW  
London, England

## The mixture as before

• Arnold Beichman's analysis [ "America's Irrelevant Newspapers," Spring 1960] of what is wrong with our foreign news, and his recommendations for doing something about it, seem to me sound. In fact, his plea to give up the orthodox, routine news of politics and other standard items in favor of accounts of what is really going on among foreign peoples offers a method that I think American newspapers could with benefit apply right here at home as well, to their coverage of national and local news.

HERBERT BRUCKER  
Editor, *The Hartford Courant*  
Hartford, Connecticut

• I suspect that the tameness with which books, plays, and civic affairs are reviewed today would be transferred to any critiques of the nation's newspapers. The problem of our press is related to the problem of our national blandness . . . Perhaps our best hope for newspapers with vigor and courage and brains lies in the belief of those historians who see cycles in American history and who think we are now emerging from a period of think-little and do-less into a period of active concern with all the things that affect us, whether they happen in our own city, our state capital, or the capital of a new nation in Africa.

JOSEPH E. BODOVITZ  
1956 M. S., Journalism  
Mill Valley, California

Please turn to page 43.—Ed.

## The sane nuclear polity

• I should like to support the views of Dr. Stephen P. Dunn as expressed in his "The Unheard Debate" in the Spring 1960 issue of the FORUM. It is appalling, and no credit to democracy, to find so little discussion of the grave moral issue involved in the creating of radioactive fallout. Man's gravest moral obligation is to pass life on from his generation to the next unimpaired and, if possible, enhanced. . . . Life is a gift from all past generations and morally we do not have a right to maim or destroy it, while we do have the obligation to enhance it.

It is doubtful that we can any longer pass life on unimpaired. The radioactive fallout now released will probably, in a few generations' time, make evident its deleterious effects. We can refuse to pollute the atmosphere and the earth further. There is no more important issue before the world's people, and the discussion should be vigorous, outspoken and universal.

DONALD S. HARRINGTON  
The Community Church  
of New York  
*The Committee for a  
Sane Nuclear Policy*

• I agree with the major points that Dr. Dunn makes . . . The Committee for a Sane Nuclear Policy has its problems. But I think it is a bit gratuitous for Dr. Dunn, in criticizing what he calls median liberals, to feel it necessary to talk about a certain "shriileness of tone" in the statements of the Committee. . . . I should not so characterize them.

NORMAN THOMAS  
New York, N.Y.  
*The Committee for a  
Sane Nuclear Policy*

• From a personal standpoint, I feel most strongly that SANE must have as its basic membership the "median liberal," and yet the median liberal, so far, in my experience, considers this to be so controversial a problem that he refuses to commit himself to any course of action on it. I don't know whether this is as a result of the shell shock that median liberals [contracted]

during the McCarthy era, or whether it is our fault at SANE in not having intelligently presented the problem.

MAX E. YOUNGSTEIN  
United Artists Corporation  
Hollywood, California  
*The Committee for a  
Sane Nuclear Policy*

An exchange between Paul Goodman and Stephen P. Dunn appears on page 41.—Ed.

## Apologies to Zuleika

• I was surprised to read in Mr. Davidson Taylor's article in your spring issue [ "I've Been Reading"] that Max Beerbohm had told him that the Christian name of Zuleika Dobson was to be pronounced as in "I like Ike." In a foreword to the edition of 1922 included in his collected works, he makes a point of discrediting this pronunciation: "I was in Italy when this book was first published. A year later (1912) I visited London, and I found that most of my friends and acquaintances spoke to me of Zu-like-a—a name which I hardly recognized and thoroughly disapproved. I had always thought of the lady as Zuleek-a. Surely it was thus that Joseph thought of his Wife, and Selim of his Bride? And I do hope that it is thus that any reader of these pages will think of Miss Dobson."

EDMUND WILSON  
Wellfleet, Cape Cod,  
Massachusetts

Davidson Taylor writes:

Mr. Wilson is right, and I was wrong. When writing the sentences he questions, I was unable to find all my file on Max Beerbohm, and the strength of his mnemonic device "I Like Ike" is what stuck in my mind. I now have found the missing papers. In a letter of June 1953, Sir Max wrote to me, "Her second syllable rhymes with shriek and speak and meek and eke, not with strike or pike or 'I Like Ike.'" Also, Professor Joseph Brennan has courteously called my attention to the fact that it was not Peter Warlock but another Delius biographer, Eric Fenby, who served as Delius' amanuensis.

# the american fertility cult

## OUR IRRESPONSIBLE BIRTHRATE

by LINCOLN DAY

A demographer asks how a nation multiplying itself at a ruinous rate can sermonize about its backward brothers. The 'population problem' is ours too, he says, the responsibility personal.

Drawing by Saul Steinberg from THE PASSPORT, reproduced with permission of the artist.



To the extent that they think about it at all, Americans appear to regard with positive enthusiasm their own burgeoning population. The high birth rate in this country is applauded, variously, as indicating national virility, as contributing to economic prosperity, and as improving of the American stock.

But if present population trends continue, we may soon be forced to take measures against the parents of large families, much as we would take measures against the perpetrators of any other kind of anti-social act. As things are, any American couple with more than three children could quite properly be charged with social irresponsibility; social irresponsibility for having contributed to a population explosion that has already marred the quality of American life and that will inevitably make even more difficult a solution to the population problems of the rest of the world.

For the United States is now experiencing one of the most rapid rates of sustained population growth in the history of the world. Since World War II our population has been increasing at a rate higher than India's, higher than Japan's, higher than that of many of the world's notorious "population troublespots." If such a rate were sustained for 356 more years, our country would

have the population density of New York City. Ninety-eight more years at the average growth rate of the last five would bring our number up to one billion—over a third of the present population of the entire world.

It is time we challenged the double standard of population growth according to which we can legitimately condone our own rapid increase while condemning increases elsewhere in the world.

The apologists for unchecked population growth, whoever they are and whatever country they refer to, overlook limitations in the earth's capacity to provide. Raw materials and the amount of land suitable for settlement are not infinitely elastic, and they contract to the extent that we continue to raise our level of living in the ways we have been doing. If the arguments in favor of population increase continue to prevail—even in this, the richest country in the world—we must inevitably be faced with a choice between quantity and quality: vast numbers of people living poorly at necessarily low levels of living, or fewer people, but those fewer living well. We cannot have it both ways. Those who condone our continued growth in numbers—whether they realize it or not—have decided in favor of quantity. The choice is remarkable.

The arguments in support of our current population increase are of three general types: (1) Economic; (2) Scientific; and (3) Social.

The "economic" argument is that population growth is necessary for the maintenance of our current level of economic prosperity, and a requisite for any long-range prosperity, as well.

"Your future is great in a growing America," reads a so-called public service advertisement in the New York subway. "Every day 11,000 babies are born in America. This means new business, new jobs, new opportunities." And some weeks earlier the nation's most widely circulated weekly magazine had taken a similar tack with the cover title, "Kids: Built-in Recession Cure—How 4,000,000 a Year Make Millions in Business." Inside, it was "Rocketing Births: Business Bonanza."

Are such claims justified? Is economic prosperity in the United States a necessary result of population growth? Surely it was once. When a man's strength was an important source of

energy and per capita consumption was at a low level, a growing population in a sparsely settled land could indeed be important in creating a high level of material living. More people meant more energy, a greater division of labor, and an expanding market for goods.

But today, the combination of increasing population and a generally rising level of living has revealed limitations in the supply of raw materials and increased the costs of developing them. All minerals and most of the sources of energy in current use are *non-renewable*. It has taken millions of years to create them. They represent capital. As we use them up we are using capital, not income. The fact that we have already had to resort to ores that are expensive to work and of relatively low grade is only one sign of approaching depletion. The predictions on copper, lead, tin, sulphur, and iron ore, among others, are that their real costs will increase in the near future (that is, their costs in hours of work and capital required per unit).

The outlook is no brighter for *renewable* resources. The size and growth rates of our forests already limit the use of wood and wood products, whose real prices have approximately doubled since 1900. And despite greater development and conservation of water resources, our continued growth in numbers, combined with our rising level of living, has placed steeply mounting demands upon them. As Robert and Leona Rienow have noted:

More than a thousand cities and towns [in the United States] already have been forced to curtail their water service. Near Chicago, where artesian wells flowed under their own pressure a hundred years ago, new wells must go down 2,000 feet to reach the water table. Dallas is already pumping the salt-tainted Red River into its main, and New York faces the likelihood that eventually it will have to purify the polluted Hudson to slake its growing thirst. In Mississippi, wells are now 400 feet deeper, on the average, than they were only ten years ago. Denver, eager for new industry, has been turning away manufacturers whose production processes involve a heavy use of water.

With our growing population and our high level of living we are borrowing on the future—our own and that of our posterity. It is not that we will suddenly find ourselves without resources. Long before we completely exhaust them the resources that remain will have become so costly as to be unobtainable.

To advocate American population growth as a means to economic prosperity is to be not only domestically shortsighted, but also ignorant of the realities of world political and economic conditions. Already, we Americans, with but six per cent of the world's population, consume half of the world's production of main minerals (iron, copper, lead, zinc); and we consume nearly twice as much commercial energy per person as Britain and eighty times as much as India. The imbalance between our numbers and our consumption of fossil fuels, metals, and so on highlights the fact that, important as the overpopulation—or threatened overpopulation—of much of the rest of the world may be, when it comes to depletion of the world's natural resources, it takes a lot of Asians or Africans or Latin Americans at *their* material levels of living to consume as much as one American at *his*. Any precise statistical comparison is impossible, yet it may not be far wrong to say that each year the average American consumes in natural resources as much as do twenty-five or thirty Indians. When we remember that because of a much greater life expectancy the American has more than twice as many years of consuming ahead of him, that bracing yearly addition of 4,000,000 American babies takes on new meaning indeed.

We know that part of the new nationalism in Asia, Africa, and the Near East expresses the desire of other peoples to live more decently—this can only worsen the situation. Even without improvement in their levels of living, the rapid population increases in these countries will place ever-mounting demands on the world's resources. To the extent these peoples attain the higher levels to which they aspire, the supply of raw materials will be depleted just so much faster. That fraction of the world's population which lives in the United States cannot for long continue to consume 40 to 50 per cent of the world's resources.

The support for our present rate of population growth which is supposedly drawn from "science" (for which read: science-and-technology) rests on the assumption that scientific development will somehow keep up with any population growth we may experience (or perpetrate). Like other forms of utopianism, such a belief must rest ultimately on faith, not reason. On the one

hand we hear claims that interplanetary transportation will solve all shortages of land and raw materials, and, on the other, declarations that God will provide for His flock no matter how large it becomes. But even if minerals were found on the moon, the costs of transportation to and from the earth would surely prohibit their use; while to assume that God will provide is to overlook the more than a billion already in the world who are currently unprovided for by even minimum dietary standards—they starve.

Those who put their faith in Science are merely replacing one deity with another. Obviously any solution to the problem of population growth will depend on further work in such specialties as physiology, agriculture, and economics. But science and technology in turn depend on existing resources. Moreover, further development in these fields will require substantial expenditures for education, training, experimentation, and research. Yet, the greater the difficulties created by a growing population, the more we shall have to spend simply to meet such fundamental needs of that population as food, housing, primary education, transportation, and medical care. The larger our population, the more capital we must invest (and the less we will have available for the purchase of consumer goods) and the more we must produce—in short, the faster we must run, just to stay in the same place.

Our population difficulty (and many other difficulties) would be solved—according to the "social" argument in favor of population growth—if we could but persuade *certain* segments of our society to have *larger* families. This view is often expressed by members of certain racial or religious groups whose preference for their own sort makes numerical increase seem desirable for its own sake; or who equate increases in size with increases in power. In more recent years this argument seems most convenient when one wishes to serve a specific class bias: a preference for the college graduate, the higher income group, the occupants of professional and managerial positions. The notion appears widespread that the quality of our society would be improved to the extent that family size in these groups equalled or exceeded that of the low income groups, or of those with less schooling.

The assumption underlying this view is, of

course, either that the children of the former are inherently superior, or that their parents will offer them a superior environment. Those who have more of what the society values—material wealth, prestige, etc.—have always sought to justify their enviable position by boasts of innate or acquired virtue. Today, some support for the notion of upper-class superiority can be derived from a superficial reading of the results of various intelligence tests; for these show a rather consistent pattern of higher average group scores by the children of white collar and professional workers as against those of manual workers; by children of college-educated parents; by children from higher income families; by Whites as opposed to Negroes (although northern Negroes score higher, on the average, than do southern Whites); and by urban dwellers as against rural.

But these are only group averages. The degree of overlapping is considerable, and the extremes in each group approximate those of the others. Moreover, there is the more fundamental question whether these tests actually do measure intelligence. Aside from the well-founded uncertainty about just what intelligence is, various studies of these tests have concluded that of great importance in any particular test result are such matters as the number of years spent in school, prior experience with tests, and motivation to do well—not to mention the ability to understand the particular meaning attached to a given word or question used in the test by the psychologist who wrote it (himself likely to have been recruited from the more privileged classes). In short, non-hereditary characteristics are important, if not decisive. If the children of the upper classes have superior intellects, it has yet to be proved.

It is more plausible to say, as some do, that superior or not, the upper classes of our society are better able to provide for their children. This is not to claim that middle- or upper-class parents are better parents, but simply that they are better *able* to provide, leaving aside the question whether good provision is indeed made.

"You should have no more children than you can afford" is an admirable injunction. But does it follow that "couples who can afford them should have more"? Does anyone really bear all the costs of supporting his children? Perhaps

the taxes paid by a few are substantial enough to meet the monetary costs of schooling, public health measures, roads, police protection, and the many other services a community must provide for its citizens. But what of the *social cost*? What of the crowded schools, the traffic, the vanishing countryside, the costs in time and peace of mind that additional numbers entail? This is a question that concerns none of the apologists for continued population increase. To quote the Roman Catholic Bishops of the United States:

United States Catholics do not wish to ignore or minimize the problem of population pressure, but they do deplore the studious omission of adequate reference to the role of modern agriculture in food production. The "population explosion" alarmists do not place in proper focus the idea of increasing the acreage yield to meet the food demands of an increasing population.

Man would appear to such apologists to be a strictly bread-and-potatoes phenomenon: let him increase as long as he can be fed.

Assume for a moment that by some miracle the world's supplies of resources were rendered inexhaustible and that, by a second miracle, international inequities were adjusted to the satisfaction of all concerned. Would the population problem have been solved? What, for instance, about land area? The increasing shortage of space is probably for the majority of Americans the most obvious consequence of population growth. Witness the traffic jams which beset all our major cities and most of our smaller ones as well. In some places this blight has afflicted us so long that it is now an accepted part of urban life. But the traffic jam is spreading to places where no one could have expected it ten or fifteen years ago: Yellowstone National Park and the mountains west of Denver, for example.

And then consider the crowded beaches, parks, and recreation areas; the cities and towns that run together, connected by a gum of suburbia and "highway culture": a picnic or a walk in the open country within easy motoring distance of home has become a virtual impossibility for a near-majority of our citizens. After reporting that once-green countryside is being bulldozed under at the rate of some three thousand acres a day, William H. Whyte goes on to say, "It is not merely that the countryside is ever

receding; in the great expansion of the metropolitan areas the subdivisions of one city are beginning to meet up with the subdivisions of another." Along the 600-mile strip of Atlantic seaboard from Maine to Virginia there are only two stretches—one of two miles and the other of seventeen miles—which are not parts of a metropolitan area. Like some dozen others scattered throughout the country, this area is in the process of becoming a strip city: 600 miles of Los Angeles on the Atlantic Coast!

Our national parks are the same. Visited by 7.4 million in 1940, their number of visitors had reached 19 million by 1955, more than double the number recommended by the Park Service. This is, of course, partly the result of higher levels of living—particularly the extension of paid vacations. But population increase alone would have brought the number of probable visitors up to the parks' capacity, had the level of living remained as it was in 1940. That levels of living have increased at the same time as population merely adds to the problem. It has now been proposed that certain roads in these parks be made one-way in order to handle the traffic!

The upper income groups may well pay higher taxes. But no group in our society can repay all of the social costs entailed by its excess reproduction—the rich probably least of all, for their style of life requires a much higher consumption of those very things upon which population increase—in whatever class—places a premium: raw materials and space.

If it is true that one must be born into a richer or better-schooled family in order to have the opportunity to develop his potentialities fully, an increase in family size among those segments of the population is hardly an adequate means to attain our ends. Must the right to bear children be distributed by the market mechanism? Would not a more efficient—and more democratic—approach be to raise the level of the less privileged?

Certainly the apologists for population growth are justified in claiming that much can be done with planning and scientific development to postpone eventual reckoning with the consequences of population increase. A different solution to the pressure of population upon resources—one not seriously proposed as yet—would be a decrease in the levels of living. But under even

our present economic conditions fully one out of four Americans lives in poverty or close to it, so any such belt-tightening would seem neither practical nor ethical. Besides, as already indicated, lower levels of living are likely to occur anyway as real costs increase. Temporary relief could be achieved without necessarily reducing the general level of living if we transferred a sizable proportion of our productive energies away from material goods (especially those which require non-renewable resources in their manufacture) and put them, instead, into education, social work, libraries, parole and probation systems, medical care, mental health facilities, music, art. Yet, continued growth in population makes more difficult the expansion of these services at the very time it makes them more necessary.

None of these arguments for continued population growth—singly or in concert—really faces up to the problem of such growth in a finite world. They are only palliatives, they are not cures. Some of the proposed courses of action could make life more enjoyable. Certain of them—better planned use of the land, for instance—are long overdue. But all are short-term measures, at best.

Our population growth must be curbed or stopped in the very near future. But how? Any demographic change in a given area (the number of people, or their age or sex composition) occurs through the operation of only three variables: migration, death, and birth. The proportion of our current annual population increase due to migration (that is, due to an excess of immigrants over emigrants) is very small: only 12 per cent. And, our death rate was already so low by the end of World War II that yearly declines since then have added relatively little to our growth in numbers.

The major share, over 85 per cent, of our increase is due to an excess of births over deaths. From an all-time low of 18.4 in 1933 and again in 1936, our birth rate climbed to 26.6 in 1947 and has since then fluctuated around 25.0, a higher level than in any other Western country. Without trying to assess the numerous personal decisions which produce it, we can say that such a birth rate has *not* been due to an increase in the proportion of couples having large families,

that is, six or more children. In fact, since World War II, the rate for sixth and higher-order births has continued to decline while that for fifth births has remained about the same. The increase comes, instead, from the larger proportion with three and four children and the smaller proportion with no children or with only one. It also comes from a decline in the proportion who never marry. More of us marry; a greater proportion have between two and four children; and a smaller proportion remain childless or with but one child. The result is a slightly larger average family size and a rapidly growing population.

Can we halt population growth before the depletion of resources and the filling up of land area so reduce our level of living that such a question must be answered by a return of the high death rates of non-industrialized countries? Can we, that is, halt it while we still have a high level of living and before we lose control over our demographic destiny?

Emigration is no solution, for without a concurrent decrease in population growth it would merely spread the problem to more countries. Moreover, all the habitable areas in the world have been peopled, while the rise of the nation-state has tended to reduce the amount of freedom given an individual in choice of national residence. At best, migration is only a temporary expedient.

From both a pragmatic and an ethical standpoint, the only alternative is a decrease in fertility. Because our death rate is low and the proportion who marry is high, our population could be maintained at its present size if each family had on the average only slightly more than two children. The couple with more than three is contributing to the population disaster I have sketched. It is, in this sense, *socially irresponsible*, the more so the more numerous its children. For in this country the knowledge of how to control fertility is well known and widely diffused. A variety of means is available to us: late marriage, abstinence, abortion, *coitus interruptus*, contraception, sterilization. Aside from abortion, each is probably fairly acceptable to large numbers of people. Contraception appears the most widespread at the present time and probably presents the least psychological hazard. Sterilization may eventually become more common

than it is now. But all means, so long as they are effective and do not endanger the well-being of the persons involved, must be considered.

The control of population by a check on fertility is the efficient way; it is the way most in keeping with our humanitarian and democratic values; and it represents the least social and ethical cost.

The best way for this control of fertility to come about is through the free decisions of individual parents. There can be no other way in a democratic society without serious loss to individual liberty. Let us hope that the current misuse of this most personal liberty by an unwittingly irresponsible portion of our citizenry can be halted before it jeopardizes any further the liberties of all of us.



*Lincoln Day is a graduate of Yale University and holds the M.A. and the Ph.D. in sociology from Columbia. He is a demographer at Columbia's Bureau of Applied Social Research and has taught at Mount Holyoke College and Princeton University.*

by LUCYLE HOOK

# The Old Woman of Kooskh

We were aware of the glow of lantern-light ahead, and as we neared the dark huddle of buildings, the light outlined an opening in the mud wall. Passing over a rude causeway, we entered a walled village of perhaps twenty-five mud huts shoulder to shoulder around a rough oval, where about fifty men and boys were standing and sitting.

"Kooskh," said Hacobian in relief and smiled as he stopped our small truck to allow Shabany, the American-trained Iranian agricultural agent, to climb out and greet the headman of the village.

Hacobian hastily tested the generator and unpacked the projector and screen, for we had lost our way across the roadless plain from Marvdasht Village twenty miles away and been delayed by several hours. Most of the assembled men and boys were farmers who had ridden donkey-back and walked for miles, supposedly to see the two films we had brought, one on water and one on anthrax in sheep. André Hacobian, an Armenian with a scant but serviceable command of English, was a traveling movie projector operator working out of Shiraz near the Persian Gulf for the American Agricultural Program. He had said he would be delighted to take me on one of his assignments.

It had been agreed that I should stay in the cab of the truck so that I might remain unseen and be able to observe the audience to the film. Although the villagers of Kooskh had never seen a movie, and they were obviously excited over the treat, they maintained their dignity and controlled their curiosity while the screen was being installed at one end of the oval. And now they were settling down in rows and groups on the bare ground. Hacobian was adjusting the reel, and the women, draped in *chadores* and many

carrying children, were beginning to slip like wraiths from the dark slits of doorways to take their inconspicuous places at the back of the men, ready to scuttle away when the lights of the truck were put on again at the end of the showing. I sat viewing the scene before me, motionless, straight, with my head against the back of the cab.

I do not know how the woman happened to see me as she came from the door just back and to the right of the truck. I had made no movement. Perhaps she could see me in profile against the light from the screen now reflected off the moving figures still seeking their places. She walked past, hesitated, came back and peered through the glass. Her eyes widened and she drew back. I looked at her, moving nothing but my eyes. She pressed her face against the glass for a full thirty seconds and then hastily ran back into the hut. I breathed a moment's relief, but back she came with a candle in a covered holder. Holding it high above her head and on a level with my face, she again pressed her eyes to the glass and took another half-minute's look at me. I was still motionless and now at bay. Her excited words brought the other women, who were still on their feet, hurrying to the front of the car. Within seconds, they were crowding each other at both sides of the cab, while others who had found seats were rising and hurrying to swell the group. The men began to turn, to raise themselves on their knees first, and then they, too, surrounded the truck. The screen was blotched with the figures of the men as they rose into the stream of light from the projector, and the headman of the village left Hacobian's side to investigate the interruption.

Deserted at the machine, Hacobian pushed his way through the crowd and joined the headman, who by this time had learned what was happening. Hacobian stood for a moment, jostled and in the way, then finally came to the cab, opened the door, bowed deeply, and showing the wide smile of a defeated conspirator, invited me out with, "I cannot show cinema while they do not know about you."

Clearing a path, the three men led me to the center of the oval. The headlights were thrown upon me, and the women crowded near. They fingered my dress, bent to examine my crepe-soled oxfords, and in doing so, their hands slipped to my nylon stockings, which they took to be my skin until I pulled a bit of the fabric between two fingers for them to examine. The greatest puzzle was my long auburn hair, which I wear twisted about my head. They insisted on trying to remove it from my head as if it had been a wig.

I tried to distract their attention from my person by smiling at their children and admiring in pantomime the little caps with bangles of colored beads called *kasbey*, with which, by a shake of the head, even a small child is able to keep the vicious flies from settling in his eyes.

Physical curiosity satisfied, an old woman, whose authority over the others was obvious, asked the headman a question in the dialect of the district. Talking stopped in the group around me, and the heads of all the women were turned in my direction. I looked inquiringly to Hacobian, but he smiled with reassurance, and turning to Shabany, the agricultural agent, spoke to him in a dialect I had not heard before. The headman also spoke to the agent, and I thought I heard the same intonations and elisions used by the woman. There were a few moments of interchange, with a repetition of some of the same sounds the woman had made, and I realized that they were devising some means of translation from the woman's village *patois* to her own headman; from the headman to Shabany in some other dialect; from Shabany to Hacobian in modern Persian; from Hacobian to me in our precious few words of English. It served admirably after they understood the succession.

The chain of communication thus established, the first question surprised me but should not have done so: "Whose woman are you?" The

primary meaning came to me instantly, but the greater implication dawned as the interrogation continued. My answer was in keeping with the question: "I am no man's woman." The answer relayed to the women, it was whispered back and forth behind hands and folds of their *chadores* with some giggles but more looks of frank disbelief. The men stood stolid with folded arms.

"What are you?" was the next question, to which I answered, "I am a teacher who has come from America to see your village." This was thoroughly discussed while I examined the bangles worn by the woman nearest me, pointing with questioning looks to the bracelets they all wore around their wrists and ankles, which I could see had been put on when they were small children and would never be removed. But a question was coming through the line of communication: "What are you, teacher or woman?" Again the implication was greater than the question itself, and I answered, "I am a woman teacher sent by my country to see you and your children; to see how you live; to learn how we can help you grow good crops and raise better sheep and goats and make your children strong."

This defensive outburst of mine grew longer and more eloquent as it progressed back through the chain. By the time it had reached the headman, it had acquired gestures, long rhetorical sweeps of language, and dramatic pauses. I listened carefully to the poetic tongue fired to eloquence by the imagination of the descendant of a civilization which had flowered splendidly and died centuries ago. It crossed my mind: here is the true expression of "modern" Iran from the mouth of this farmer-headman. He, who has never been further away from his village of Kooskh than Marvdasht twenty miles across a roadless plain, unable to read, without knowledge of the world except the small news that travels by donkey caravan from Shiraz—this man standing with me in the glare of truck headlights responds truly from his heart to my stilted answer. And my answer was stilted in my effort to make a simple statement because I knew that any explanation more complex would not be understood. Simple in words, my answer had carried overtones of self-importance that I would have tried to explain away if that had been possible. I thought to myself that surely on this dark plain in the light of these ancient candles and this

flaring headlight I do represent for these people, who have examined me from head to foot, who stand staring at me with wonder-filled eyes, the idea of another place, a land of such wealth and power and strangeness that at sight of me, a single person from that land, their own horizons are widened and they can suspect—dimly, perhaps, but also for the first time—why there are strange men among them: working the land, plowing contoured furrows, digging wells, constructing irrigation ditches, spraying with disinfectants, peering into the eyes, throats, and ears of their children, inoculating their sheep and goats, working always with Iranians, patiently teaching, telling, talking, until those local people know everything that is pertinent to their jobs. Knowledge in these simple terms might bring a whole people gradually from centuries of sleep.

I stood there thinking such thoughts as the voice of the headman came to a fine rhetorical close. The men took their seats on the ground; the women formed little groups in the background, settling down with the faint sound of bangles and money-necklaces shifting with their movements. I climbed back into the cab and surveyed the scene with new eyes.

The first flicker of the documentary film about water brought exclamations because of the medium itself. Soon that surprise was lost in the wonder of recognizing Shabany in the second film, in his official white coat and air of benevolent authority, as he looked with scientific detachment at a sheep dead of anthrax, lectured the distracted farmer-owner and his commiserating and skeptical friends on the importance of the inoculation of their herds, and showed them how to clean and fumigate the premises with the means they had at hand. The care that had gone into planning the psychological effect of both films moved me. The level of understanding had been calculated, the right air of authority had been assumed by the agent, mixed with a friendliness that would not intimidate the most ignorant farmer. Even the Greek chorus of friends, skeptical and unbelieving at first, inclined to call upon Allah instead of the veterinarian, but gradually, with eyes alive to the tangible fact of longer wool on the back of the inoculated sheep, changing before the eyes of the farmers of Kooskh as these crouched on the ground in front

of the movie screen, to acceptance of the word of the man in the white coat—all this had been carefully, skillfully accomplished in the film.

I was to report my impressions to the authorities when I returned to Tehran, and my mind was busy storing away the points I wished to remember as the showing came to an end. I absently watched Hacobian and Shabany take the screen down, pack it and the projector neatly into cases under the admiring eyes of the men and boys.

By this time, it must have been nearing midnight. I noticed a conference between the headman and the old woman who had been my questioner. As the head man walked toward Hacobian, the old woman took her stand just within the circle of light, and gradually the other women, still with children in their arms, gathered around her. In the glare of the headlights, I saw the headman speak with Hacobian and point in the direction of the truck. Hacobian listened, nodded, and came toward me with a happy, somewhat triumphant smile working up from his lips to his eyes. He opened the door of the cab, made his courtly little bow, and said softly, "Women want you to come."

Again I stepped into the path of the headlights, walked in silence across the cleared bare ground to the center of the oval and stood waiting. The old woman stepped forward from her surrounding companions and began to speak—almost a chant, obviously prepared during the showing of the films. No one moved. The children slept in their mothers' arms or were fascinated into silence by the lights. The men stood immobile. The headman was alert with head bowed to catch the words which he would pass on to Shabany in turn.

The old woman's words were rhythmic. I could tell that they were worthy words made to fit an occasion of weight. They were words that met acceptance from the silent, aware group gathered on the periphery of thrown light, the individuals furthest back melting into surrounding darkness just as some of the words mounting upward were lost in the great dome of darkness above us.

The woman stopped and took her ritual step backward. A slight sound went through the group—a sigh of accomplishment at the end of collective effort.

The headman spoke with less eloquence than

he had before. He was translating someone else's strong emotion; he was only the vessel through which the emotion was strained to obtain the residue of meaning. His sentences were shorter and the periods less heightened than those employed by the woman or by himself in that surprising oratory before the films were shown. I watched him pause and throw the task of communication to Shabany. The emotion was drained away. The words were useful conveyors of straight meaning—short, simple statements of fact. And thus it was that I received them from Hacobian:

"Oh, Learnéd One, women say glad you come to Kooskh. You look at children, you look at women. You go back to America; you tell what we are. We not forget Learnéd Woman come to our village. We tell our children and our children's children that American Learnéd One come to Kooskh one night."

As Hacobian helped me into the cab of the truck, I was already regretting the poverty of my reply and my inability to match the majesty

of emotion of the old spokeswoman. With no knowledge or sophistication from which to draw, she had responded with instinctive understanding of me, an unchaperoned woman alone with my men companions in a country that conceals the very presence of women. She had not questioned my integrity or the sincerity of my purpose in coming to their village in the dark of night. And in my attempt to answer, I had been unable to respond except in the unpoetical cliches of our unemotional language. I hoped that as I replied they had read my face, at least.



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# CLEARING IT UP ABOUT RELATIVITY

by ALEXANDER DOROZYNSKI

"Relativity," the Scientist told the Inquiring Layman, "has become indispensable to modern science. Yet, it is surprising how few people have the slightest idea what relativity is about.

"Its formulation and acceptance have been as important as, say, the realization that Earth is round. We just can't do without relativity. Some of us will go as far as to reject a new theory because it might interfere with Dr. Einstein.

"For instance, when the anti-proton was discovered a few years ago, the possible existence of an anti-gravitational anti-universe was hypothesized by several physicists and astrophysicists, until someone pointed out that such a hypothesis was not compatible with relativity. Hence, science has turned thumbs down on anti-gravitation and decided that if an anti-universe exists, it will be attracted to rather than repelled by the universe."

The Layman was curious but, as befit him, docile. "Just what," he asked humbly, "is relativity?"

"Einstein formulated two theories of relativity," the Scientist explained. "First, the special theory, and later the general theory, an expansion of the former. Incidentally, Einstein did not receive the Nobel prize for either of these, but for describing the photoelectric effect.

"The special theory of relativity gives an objective description of the universe, that is, a description that does not result from a single observation yet agrees with the synthesis of all possible observations. This was Einstein's

famed *Gedank* experiment, the re-creation in his mind of conditions in the universe. The foundation of the special theory was that the velocity of light is constant in relation to any observer, no matter how the observer or the source of light move. That velocity is 186,000 miles per second, and would remain the same even if the light came from a car moving at 100,000 miles per second. The velocities are not additive, as they would be in a Newtonian universe.

"In Einstein's own words, this was the only way he could select a universal yardstick:

In order to give physical significance to the concept of time, processes of some kind are required which enable relations to be established between different places. It is immaterial what kind of processes one chooses for such a definition of time. It is advantageous, however, for the theory, to choose only those processes concerning which we know something certain. This holds for the propagation of light in *vacuo* in a higher degree than for any other process which could be considered.

"The *general* theory of relativity describes measurements that might be made by observers who are accelerated in relation to each other, rather than moving at a uniform speed, as in the special theory. In the *general* theory, Einstein arrives at the unity of the nature of acceleration and gravitation, known as the principle of equivalence, and expands the concept of a space-time continuum where time becomes a part of geometry.

"The similitude between acceleration and gravity is widely accepted today, even by those who do not think about it and do not concern themselves with relativity. For instance, when

one speaks of acceleration, one expresses it in units of gravity, and one tries to find out how many "G's" of acceleration man can withstand as he is launched into space. Gravity machines — centrifuges — actually create acceleration, which again is interpreted as gravity.

"Einstein felt that the universe could be understood as a whole, rather than through a number of theories loosely related to each other. In the last few years before his death, he was concerned with creating a 'unified field theory,' which would, in one mighty sweep, include electromagnetic phenomena, gravity, acceleration, time and space. In other words, a theory explaining not only why you do not drift into space when you stand on earth, but also why you don't sink through earth's molecular structure. But Einstein did not succeed and some scientists doubt that such a unified theory is possible."

"To be more precise," asked the Layman, "what are the effects described by Einstein's theories that disagree with Newtonian laws?"

"Sorry," said the Scientist, "I don't have the time to go over that. However, there are several popularizations written by scientists that may give you an idea of relativistic effects. Were you a mathematician, I would suggest you read Einstein."

"Thank you," said the Layman.

Since he was not a mathematician, he selected for his enlightenment the works of such articulate scientists as physicist George Gamow of Washington University, who formulated the theory of radioactive decay; James A. Coleman, chairman of the physics department at the American International College, Springfield, Massachusetts; Lloyd Motz, associate professor of astronomy at Columbia University and a fellow of the Royal Astronomical Society; Nobel-prize-winning philosopher and scientist Bertrand Russell; H. Bondi, mathematician, professor at King's College in London, and a Fellow of the Royal Society.

The Layman had already noted that the most popular Einsteinism was the relativistic "time dilatation effect," which, he now discovered, was clearly expressed by the formula:

$$t = \frac{t^1}{\sqrt{1 - v^2/c^2}}$$

He was surprised how easily the formula could

be interpreted by a layman: it shows that as an object's velocity ( $v$ ) approaches the velocity of light ( $c$ ), time aboard object ( $t$ ) slows down in relation to time ( $t^1$ ) as ticked off by a clock that is stationary. In his book, *One, Two, Three . . . Infinity*, Gamow gives the now classic example of a young man traveling from earth at 99.9999999 per cent of the speed of light, on his way to Sirius for lunch. "If you are in a hurry," says Gamow, "and start for home right after lunch you will, in all probability, be back on earth in time for dinner. But you will find on arriving home that your friends and relatives have given you up as lost in the interstellar spaces and have eaten 6,570 dinners without you."

"Now here," thought the delighted Layman, "is a good, clear illustration of a fundamental Einsteinian effect. And who said scientists can't express themselves?"

The Layman next undertook Coleman's work, *Relativity for the Layman*, where, in connection with the same time dilatation formula, the author says, ". . . All motion is relative, so we can readily view the space trip as if the rocket stood still but the earth went off in the opposite direction on a voyage through space and back. The theory now says that the time processes on earth will be slowed down relative to those in the rocket." Thus, according to Coleman, if you think of the earth as moving away, when it "returns" to the rocket, everyone on earth would be only one day older, and it will be the man in the rocket who will have eaten 6,750 dinners (if his algae hold out), while his friends on earth will have downed a single lunch. While Coleman grants the validity of the time dilatation formula, he says any permanent effect is canceled out when the ship's velocity changes during launching and landing.

Bemused, the Layman sat back, mulling the contradiction between Gamow and Coleman. "Either there is a relativistic effect as one moves at a speed close to that of light, or there isn't," he thought. "Or is it possible that relativity is relative to the observing scientists? Yet, each of them is so positive . . ."

He saw his misfortune at being ill-equipped in mathematics. Willy-nilly, he set regrets aside and pursued his quest for relative truth.

In the astronomy classes given by Professor

Motz, he heard the general theory of relativity explained thus: "Take two windowless elevators. One of them is motionless in the absence of gravitation, the other one is falling in a gravitational field. In each of them is a scientist, observing various objects as they float freely about him. (Here Professor Motz aptly sketched on the blackboard two windowless elevators, in each of them a scientist observing various objects as they floated freely about him.) "There is no way," Dr. Motz continued, "for the scientists in the elevators to determine whether they are falling in a gravitational field or standing still in the absence of such a field." Professor Motz also pointed out that in another set of elevators, one being accelerated at a constant rate while another is motionless in a gravitational field, both men and objects would stick to the floor but there would be no way of telling which elevator is moving and which is not, which is in the gravitational field and which is being pulled upwards.

"What a clever way to explain the equivalence of gravity and acceleration," mused the Layman, forgetting for a while his troubles with the time paradox.

Next, however, he happened upon a recent edition of the stately *Illustrated London News*, where, as if by design of fate, ran an article by Professor Bondi of King's College, Cambridge, entitled, "The Law of Gravitation." "Where," wondered Bondi, "does the true nature of gravitation show itself? Consider," he answered himself in his discussion of the general theory of relatively, "a free-falling box [like an elevator] thought the quick-minded Layman] falling through a shaft passing from the surface of the earth through its centre. Inside the box there will be conditions of weightlessness; but, as Einstein points out, if we examine conditions there [in the box] very, very closely, then we will indeed find some evidence of earth's gravitation. Consider two particles that were [suspended] at rest on opposite [walls] of the box before the box started to fall. They are each falling freely towards the center of the earth. Therefore, by the time the box passes through the center of the earth, these two particles will collide in the box. Thus there is a tiny bit of gravitation that we cannot abolish by living in a free falling box."

Having already experienced a relativistic con-

flict when dealing with the time dilatation effect, the Layman was not undone; he merely took mental note that there seemed to be a Bondi-Motz disagreement. Where is equivalence, he wondered, if, after all, one can tell the difference between falling down and being gravitation-free, and likewise between gravitation and acceleration?

Seeking a way out of confusion, the Layman turned to the Experimentalist, who, though sometimes classified by scientists a notch below themselves in the scientific social register, had a solid reputation for clarity.

For many years the Experimentalist had been engaged in a pursuit referred to as "proving relativity." Actually, the Layman reflected, a theory cannot be proved, only disproved, and what the Experimentalist did was to design tests which would show results compatible either with Newton's laws, or with Einstein's, but not with both, thus pointing out the difference between classical physics and relativity. Dropping an ashtray onto the floor, for instance, would "confirm" relativity, but it would also confirm Newton's laws, leading to no useful conclusion. On the other hand, tests confirming Einstein but giving results not predicted by Newton had been made even before the birth of relativity; such was the Michelson-Morley experiment in 1881 (twenty-four years before relativity) which showed that if, as was often thought, some sort of "ether" filled interplanetary and interstellar space, there was no way of detecting it, and that the velocity of a beam of light emitted on earth was neither sped up nor retarded by the velocity of earth's motion around the sun. (This experiment was recently recreated with a million-to-one accuracy by Professor Charles Townes of Columbia University. Professor Townes used a maser, in which vibrations of ammonia molecules act as a pendulum in a highly precise atomic clock that can measure time with an error of something like one second in 300 years.)

"I think I may be of some help," said the Experimentalist upon hearing of the Layman's plight. "First, let's take the time dilatation effect. It has been confirmed by the observation of the vibration of hydrogen atoms. As the atoms are shot through a particle accelerator at a speed

near that of light, the vibrations slow down to the extent predicted by Einstein.

"Unfortunately, we have not yet been able to test either Gamow's illustration or Coleman's objection, because while an atom can to some extent be compared to a space traveler, it was not possible to tell whether our atoms were rejuvenated during their rapid journey. I am, however, now planning a conclusive test—sending an atomic clock (similar to a maser) in orbit around the earth, and bringing it back. If the clock when it comes back runs behind a similar one that remains on earth, the time paradox will be solved. Scientists generally believe that when the traveling clock returns to earth, it will again be running *at the same rate* as the stationary one, but will never catch up with time lost in space. Professor Coleman is believed to be in error and the time paradox to be a fallacy, since it is possible to tell which system moves and which stays put by observing which is subjected to acceleration."

Impressed, the Layman asked, "Have you also tested the general theory of relativity?"

"Yes, to a certain extent," said the Experimentalist. "You are interested in the principle of equivalence. Only last April Harvard physicists Robert V. Pound and Glenn Rebka reported 'weighing' an X-ray beam. The experiment showed that X-rays undergo a frequency shift as they move vertically from one gravity zone to another, as Einstein predicted they would."

"What does a frequency change have to do with the equivalence of gravity and acceleration?" wondered the Layman.

"Simple," answered the Experimentalist. "Atoms closer to earth are in a stronger gravitational field than those further away. In terms of equivalence, this means that they are being accelerated at a higher rate. Thus, following the time dilatation effect, time for them will be slowed down, as will be their vibrations."

"What then," the Layman murmured, "should I conclude if I am in a windowless elevator?"

"A rather difficult experiment," said the Experimentalist, "since it should be noted that the elevator must be no larger than a point in space. You wouldn't fit into it. The elevator example may be a good illustration, though it lacks the precision that so elegantly distinguishes Ein-

steinian effects from Newtonian ones. You have noticed when reading about Professor Bondi's particles drifting towards each other as they approach the center of gravitation, that the situation must be examined 'very, very closely.' If you do this in an elevator, you will not observe the principle of equivalence, as it applies to single particles only. Mathematical formulations cannot always be visualized. Did you try to visualize Einstein's four-dimensional but finite universe with bumps and troughs in its space-continuum? If not, Bertrand Russell's *The ABC of Relativity* is the only book I know that explains why you may use a live eel, as well as a steel ruler, to measure distances in Einstein's universe."

The Experimentalist paused for a moment. "It is often difficult to understand Scientists," he continued. "Either they cannot talk to Laymen at all, or they oversimplify. We Experimentalists . . ." but he didn't finish the sentence.

So the weary Layman rested in his search for relativistic truth. Mathematical illiterate that he was, he felt he had grasped as much of relativity as he ever would. Also that he had learned something about scientists, about scientist-authors, and about experimentalists.

Still missing, however, from the Layman's list of "proven Einsteinisms," was the law expressed by the well-known relativistic limerick, even then running through his mind:

There was a young fellow named Fisk  
Whose fencing was wonderfully brisk  
So fast was his action  
The Fitz-Gerald contraction  
Reduced his rapier to a disk,

the effect of  $L - L' \left( \sqrt{1 - \frac{v^2}{c^2}} \right)$ , a formula describing the shortening of objects as they dash through space. The contraction has yet to yield to the Experimentalist; will he ever, wondered the Layman, be able /To find a young fellow so brisk,/ Whose name will also be Fisk?



Alexander Dorozynski was a fellow in the Advanced Science Writing Program at the Graduate School of Journalism at Columbia this past year. He has written on scientific subjects for journals in this country and abroad.

## *The Mountain*

by ROBERT PACK

Almost—I came so close,  
As if my understanding  
Might have been the trees themselves:  
The mountain, with the fallen sun behind it,  
Seemed across the lake no space away,  
Almost like the closing of my eyes,  
Near as all presences are near  
By which one is reminded  
Of oneself, being separated,  
And, in isolation, almost understanding,  
Coming so close; liquid, the loon calls,  
Over the water, spilled like memories  
Out of the mountainous shadow  
Beneath my eyes, recalled,  
But always as they drift away,  
Always in their soft diminishing.

What is it you once told me,  
What is it I once knew?  
Always my closeness seemed to change  
What waited to be understood,  
As if, itself, it were all I sought,  
And seeking it—close to my own closeness—  
It moved away, and the distance  
That remained I understood,  
At home in isolation, remembering then  
I had forgotten you, forgotten  
What you said, and that, too close,  
You changed, dwindling away,  
Even as the mountain changed,  
Steaming in its underbrush decay:  
Warm moss with primitive fern,  
Mushrooms enchanted yellow and red,  
And the dewy moth fluttering  
In the splattered evergreen light;  
Invisibly the mountain changed,  
My closeness changing it somehow,  
So that I could not see its transformation,  
So that I could not see,  
For I came too close, having almost been there,  
Having almost understood.

Across the lake, all space away,  
Beyond the pebbles' warbling  
And the loons' low water sounds,  
The mountain is diminishing,  
It is dwindling out of sight  
As the last crow flies,  
And the shadow from within  
Is drawing me back close to myself—  
Dwindling in my own mountainous shade,  
Forgetting, trying almost not to remember,  
Almost welcoming the isolation,  
And the dark, the dark, the dark.

Robert Pack holds the M.A. from Columbia and has published three books of poems, including *The Irony of Joy*. His latest book is *A Stranger's Privilege*, published by the Macmillan Company, and this fall he will publish *The Librettos of Mozart* with Meridian Books. He was the poetry editor of *Discovery* magazine.

# TWO APPROACHES TO SOCIOLOGY

...an Englishman Looks at Ours and Theirs

by GARRY RUNCIMAN

England is not, by and large, a very introspective society; and thus the visitor from England is at once made aware of the overwhelming difference in the amount of collective self-inspection which goes on in the United States as compared to Europe. It has recently been estimated that some \$215 million per year are spent in the United States on social science research. To European ears, this figure has passed out of the princely into the astronomical. But a glance round any New York bookstore will show how many studies there are, of different kinds, all devoted to the analysis of America, ranging from the scholarly excellence of Oscar Handlin to the unblushing journalism of Vance Packard.

Over here, lonely crowds and status seekers and organization men seem to have readily entered the basic vocabulary of cocktail-party English. Electronic computers are common enough to be taken for granted, and can crosstabulate for the professional sociologist prodigious collections of data on anything from consumer habits to consciousness of social class. Such well-established research institutions as the Survey Research Center at Michigan or Columbia's own Bureau of Applied Social Research represent an accumulation of skill, information, and resources far beyond anything which any British university can boast of or even foreseeably aspire to. As a visitor one is of course prone to exaggerate one's impressions; but it all seems a good illustration of Gertrude Stein's remark that America is the oldest country in the world because the first to enter the twentieth century.

I do not know what the underlying motives are for so much self-scrutiny. But what is going on in the United States is an effort which must be unparalleled in any previous society to discover not only what the society is like, but also why. Whether one likes the answers or not is of course another matter, but it is one which depends not on national differences so much as political ones. It is important to remember that egalitarianism is in Europe a utopian-socialist conception, unlike the essentially rightist rags-to-riches version which prevails in the United States; but a left-of-center liberal will be as fearful of 'admass' in the one place as in the other, and disapprove of how the Affluent Society allocates its resources no more than he will of much that has been done (or not done) by the Conservative government in England. For the moment, I am only concerned to point out how different the United States is from England in this matter of collective introspection.

The British are by tradition a race of rational empiricists; and perhaps it is this which helps to explain both why they are not much given to scrutinizing themselves and why when they actually do so it is in a carefully matter-of-fact sort of way.

Tocqueville says somewhere that "Those who cultivate the sciences among a democratic people are always afraid of losing their way in visionary speculation. They mistrust systems; they adhere closely to facts and the study of facts with their own senses. As they do not easily defer to the mere name of any man, they are unremitting to point out the weaker points

of their neighbour's opinions." Tocqueville was, of course, writing about nineteenth-century America; but his remarks are curiously apposite to academic England. The great British thinkers have all been in their different ways empiricists: Hobbes and Locke and Hume, Bentham and Mill, and in the present century most notably Keynes, whom Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., has described in a previous issue of the *FORUM* as "the great English critic of absolutes." English Hegelianism was short-lived and derivative; the influence in England of Herbert Spencer has been negligible; and Whitehead, whose later work is perhaps more truly metaphysical than that of any other British philosopher, seems to be much less read in England than in the United States. Contemporary British philosophy cannot perhaps be properly designated a school, but its practitioners almost all share a common approach whereby the philosopher's task is the logical, anti-theoretical and morally neutral dissection of certain well-known and (by implication) overloaded concepts. This remorseless empiricism, together with a traditional disinclination for reverence towards established reputations, makes for an intellectual climate in which grand theories and comprehensive systems are unlikely to prosper.

Accordingly, it is not surprising that the effective father of British sociology should be not Spencer but Charles Booth. Booth, born in 1840 (twenty years after Spencer), was a prosperous Liverpool shipowner who used his private fortune to carry out the first great empirical study of social conditions, his *Life and Labour of the People in London*. Henry Mayhew, one of the founders of *Punch*, had already published *London Labour and London Poor*. But Mayhew was essentially a journalist, whereas Booth's explicit aim was to exhibit "the numerical relation which poverty, misery and depravity bear to regular earnings and comparative comfort, and to describe the general conditions under which each class lives." Booth, like Spencer, was a frequent visitor to the home of the family of Beatrice Webb, who was a cousin of his wife; and it is the admirable, painstaking, dedicated and a little ridiculous Webbs ("we always have butter for Sidney's breakfast") on whom his mantle may be regarded as having fallen.

In America, meanwhile, Spencer had enjoyed a vogue far beyond anything he was accorded in Europe. As one American contemporary wrote to him, "The peculiar condition of American society has made your writings far more quickening and fruitful here than in Europe"; or as another wrote, "What we want are ideas—large, organizing ideas—and I believe there is no other man whose thoughts are so valuable for our needs as yours are." But neither Booth nor the Webbs were interested in large, organizing ideas, or not, at least, of Spencer's kind. They were interested in ascertainable facts about the industrial workers, the aged and the poor; and Spencer's categorical denial of the right of the state to meddle with the "natural" processes of society involved an inflexible opposition to any action by the state against poverty or ignorance or the appalling housing conditions of the time.

The Webbs, on the other hand, were too immediately concerned with problems of social policy to be bothered with grandiose notions about cycles and organisms; and this concern has largely persisted at the London School of Economics, which the Webbs did so much to promote. Moreover, the sense of developing class conflict which lasted in Britain until the Second World War tended to make those working among the industrial poor outspoken propagandists for Socialism. An American reviewer recently remarked how explicit is the "sense of responsibility for social direction characteristic of the London School"; and this sense of responsibility is reflected both in the "Studies in Society" now coming out under the editorship of David and Ruth Glass, and in the reports of the newly-founded Institute of Community Studies, whose primary concern is with problems of social welfare.

Thus social analysis in Britain as compared to the United States tends to be more directly concerned with problems of the moment. But it is also less wary of political bias, less tinged with aspirations to general theory, and less directed to overall interpretations of what Britain is and why.

When in 1946 a committee for the provision of social and economic research had been set up under the chairmanship of Sir John Clapham, little money was actually allocated to the sort

of sociological research which in the United States produced such a classic study as, say, *The American Soldier*. What was left for sociology after politics and economics had taken their share went mostly to the teaching of social workers or the financing of research into problems of a strictly matter-of-fact nature. This decision was partly, of course, a result of the fact that (by American standards, at least) there was not much money available in the first place. But it also may be taken to reflect a generally conservative attitude which is as distrustful of electronic computers as of grandiloquent theorists, an attitude any reader of the *Times Literary Supplement* and its well-bred prejudices will know.

The English do not, perhaps, preserve their institutions in quite such a Victorian aspic as most of their critics and some of their friends would like to believe. But it is certainly safe to assert that changes in England tend to be much sooner devised than adopted. Thus my own university, Cambridge, does not at the time of writing possess a Department of Sociology at all; and Oxford sometimes gives outsiders the impression of believing that modern history begins with Aegospotami and modern literature ends with Jane Austen. A good example is afforded by the field of statistics. This is a field in which neither England nor Cambridge has anything to be ashamed of: indeed, it is a Cambridge statistician, Sir Ronald Fisher, who is responsible for the most important and powerful techniques developed in the present century. But it is also true that British businessmen have been far slower to adopt such techniques than their American counterparts.

To give another example, a recent study has shown that British managers are still firmly wedded to incentive payment schemes for workers, although they can give no objective evidence for their commitment and it is now over twenty years since a series of classic studies carried out at the General Electric Company's Hawthorne Works in Chicago first gave evidence of the greater effect of informal work-group norms on output. On the other hand, when a new and important technique for the inspection of statistical samples was developed by Columbia statisticians during the Second World War, de-

mand for further information was so widespread that although the information was classified as restricted within the meaning of the Espionage Act, this classification was removed before the end of the War. In England, by contrast, such things seem often to need to be virtually forced upon those who could profit by them.

Perhaps it is in part this appearance of traditionalist complacency which accounts for the political commitment of almost all the most important writers on twentieth-century British society. None of them has attempted in any way to conceal his Socialist convictions, from the Webbs through R. H. Tawney and Harold Laski to Professor Richard Titmuss, whose recent writings have done much to demolish the self-satisfied myth that the Welfare State has effectively achieved both what it set out to do and what it ought to have. Thus a recent British volume of Socialist essays entitled *Conviction* contains contributions by three professional sociologists. One of them, a young member of the Institute of Community Studies called Peter Townsend, writes as follows of the sociologist:

... the more he tries to study and interpret contemporary society, the more difficult it is for him to isolate his work from daily politics. If he visits a cross-section of people in their homes he is made aware of their needs and of how government affects them. It should be terribly hard for him to write his report without revealing, or at least implying, what their needs are.

Similarly, Ruth Glass, in a paper read to the Second World Congress of Sociology, suggested that sociologists may be losing their sense of identification with the fate of society. "Are they scared," she asked, "to look social change in the face; are they afraid of entering the arena of social conflict?"

Such a degree of political outspokenness does not seem to occur in the writings of contemporary American sociologists; indeed Dennis H. Wrong, who is one of them, has recently pointed this out in the *FORUM*. Of course, some American writers, such as Columbia's Robert S. Lynd or C. Wright Mills, have been explicit on the specifically moral obligations of social science research. But the general picture as it appears to the outsider is of aspiration to a self-consciously neutralist scientism. Moralising seems to be regarded as the task of the philosopher, not the social scientists. In England, by contrast, the

situation tends to be the other way round. It is the philosophers who have been the advocates of moral neutrality, and the sociologists who have been concerning themselves with the evaluative problems of what to do about what.

I have heard it suggested over here that a fear of Marxism inhibits American sociologists from admitting the political relevance of their findings, and that American intellectuals feel increasingly alienated from practical politics since the era of the New Deal. Certainly it may be true that the existence in Britain of a more or less Socialist opposition party channels much reaction against the present state of society into specifically political channels. But whatever the case, I hope it should not be supposed that the attachment of American sociologists to the scientific paradigm of hypothesis, deduction and verification prevents them from drawing moral and political implications where these are relevant and necessary. The outsider may sometimes find himself wondering whether American sociology does not worry about its status at the expense of its value. In a society which is, at least comparatively, so enviably well-informed about itself, is it not those who are best informed who should be least reluctant to make judgements of value?

It is not, after all, especially difficult to distinguish statements of prescription or appraisal from statements of purported fact, particularly if the author concerned is unashamed of disclosing his values. Even if the social scientist's selection of his subject matter should not be entirely guided by political considerations, it is arguable whether an initial avowal of bias is not in practice more honest than the most careful aspiration to scientific objectivity. Accordingly, it does not seem unreasonable to wonder whether a middle approach is not possible between the trends more or less exemplified in Britain and the United States. Plain lack of funds will make it impossible for such a sociological classic as *The American Soldier* to be attempted in England, just as it will no longer be possible for Cambridge to lead the world in physics as in the days of Rutherford and Eddington. But perhaps the simultaneous English distrust of social theory as being too general and of quantification of social data as being too specific is at least begin-

ning to be worn down. Even the most stalwart of British traditionalists must come to recognize that in the modern state efficient self-knowledge is not merely an academic luxury. It is, whether we like it or not, a political necessity.

To raise these questions is, of course, to enter a familiar and long-standing debate on the functions of social science. But these questions cannot help being relevant to what I am talking about. Saint-Simon, who, if he was not the father of modern sociology, was at least its most farsighted prophet, was the first to predict that our world would become more and more of a technocracy. Since, whether we like it or not, he seems to be right, the social sciences are bound to become progressively more influential. Moreover (and it is this that is most interesting to the visitor from abroad), the rest of the world may have a unique opportunity to profit from the lead of the United States. Perhaps, in the next few decades, we shall witness the familiar historical phenomenon of the latecomer's advantage. Just as Germany was able in the nineteenth century to industrialize more efficiently than England by the very fact of having to do so later, so England in the twentieth century has the chance to gain by what America has already achieved in the field of social science. As Max Weber long ago pointed out, the social scientist, although he cannot prove to people what they ought to do, can show them what they can do, and, in certain circumstances, what they want to do. By the fact of having been slower to accept this, England may paradoxically be the better placed to set about acquiring the self-knowledge that the techniques of the social scientist make possible. Through this collective self-knowledge it will be the social scientists, not the traditional philosophers, who will in practice be the guardians of our values. It is a pity that there are as yet not more of them in England; and this is why a person who is interested in such things does well to come to the United States to learn.

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# ON THE NATURE OF VARIETY

by EUGENE RASKIN

Once, when I was a child, I came home and released upon the kitchen table the weakly wriggling and faintly fluttering survivors of a day-long insect hunt. "Look, Mom!" I cried, in the classic manner of proud boyhood. "Look how many different kinds I got! Here's a tiny one with transparent wings . . . here's a fat one with lots of legs . . . here's one with long feelers . . . and . . ."

"They're different all right," said my mother, reaching for the spray gun. "But they're all bugs!"

I was reminded of this profound comment on the nature of variety the first time I stood before the high-rent barracks called Washington Square Village on the edge of New York's famous Bohemian quarter. The continuous slab-



like buildings are divided into sections, each of which has a facade of a different color—red, white, yellow, blue. But the buildings are no less barracks. The architect has at least made an effort to achieve variety, but it has been a desperate and unavailing one. The majority of our new housing projects, with their infinite repetitions of salmon-colored blocks, are as thoughtlessly unvaried and monotonous as the new glass-and-steel colossi of commercial cubage going up in our business centers.

Monotony dulls perception, slows reactions, lowers vitality. In short, monotony is a form of death. Our highway engineers have discovered this to be true quite literally. It would seem that in our commendable zeal to erase slums and bring our business districts up to date we are, by generally ignoring the need for variety, bringing a kind of death to the spirit of our cities. It struck me as significant that the guide who supplied a running commentary aboard the 'round-Manhattan sightseeing boat on which I found myself one day turned off his microphone and rested while we passed the endless brick housing projects facing the East River. In fact, there was nothing to say that would not have been as boring as the buildings themselves. Only at one point did he switch on, briefly, to point out the United Nations buildings. The UN architects will be amused, I hope, to hear that the guide identified their creation as being "just to the right of those power plant chimneys." Amused or not, it would be hard for anyone to deny that the Con Edison plant, with its up-thrusting chimneys and slanting coal chute, is visually the most interesting element of that river front.

This particular period, and the decade that lies immediately ahead, are critical years for the future of our cities, for we are building and re-developing at a furious rate. If we continue our present disregard of the necessity for variety, or seek it in ineffective ways (such as multi-colored facades), it will not be very long before our cities become cemeteries, the buildings headstones commemorating the departed soul of urban life, once so sparkling and stimulating. The city will become one vast bore, and the sound of the siren will be replaced by the yawn.

If we are to avoid this architectural disaster,



we would do well to consider wherein the nature of genuine architectural variety consists. It is not in using different colors, as Washington Square Village shows, nor in different textures, of which our new office buildings certainly offer a wide enough selection. Can it be in using contrasting forms? A visit to one of the larger shopping centers (the Cross County Shopping Center in New York's Westchester County comes to mind, but pick your own) will make the point: though slabs, towers, circles, and flying stairs bound and abound all over the lot, the result has the appalling sameness of the tortures of hell. They may poke you with different instruments, but it's all pain.

Fortunately, the cities of the world are still rich in places from which the basic nature of variety can be learned: the towns of Europe; the squares of Rome; the streets of Paris, London, Naples and Lisbon; the old quarter of New Orleans; the Plaza in New York and the town greens of New England . . . one could go on for pages, and not even mention the Orient.

What these examples have in common, besides the employment of mixtures of colors, textures and forms, is the interweaving of *human* patterns. They are full of people doing different things, with different reasons and different ends in view, and the architecture reflects and expresses this difference—which is one of content rather than form alone. Being human, human beings are what interest us most. In architecture as in literature and the drama, it is the richness of human variation that gives vitality and color to the human setting.

When we build, say, a business area in which all (or practically all) are engaged in earning their livings, or a residential area in which everyone is deep in the demands of domesticity, or a shopping area dedicated to the exchange of cash and commodities—in short, where the pattern of human activity contains only one element, it is impossible for the architecture to achieve a convincing variety—convincing of the known facts of human variation. The designer may vary color, texture and form until his drawing instruments buckle under the strain, proving once more that art is the one medium in which one cannot lie successfully.

For some years I lived on West 16th Street in New York, on the block between Fifth and



Sixth Avenues. This block contained a Roman Catholic church and military school, several brownstones, a picture framer's, an Italian restaurant, the Margaret Sanger Clinic, the American Foundation for the Blind, a three-story inner-garden apartment house, the Council of Young Israel, and, at the Fifth Avenue end, two or three garment factory and office buildings. At midday one would see school children, priests and nuns, blind men with canes, housewives with bundles and dogs tugging at leashes, the restaurant owner sunning his paunch (if the weather permitted), workers heading for cafeterias, a rabbi or two, and young women sternly looking neither right nor left as they went in and out of the birth control clinic. Even when the street was empty, as late at night, the rich variety of this human activity could be felt. For the architecture—as architecture always does, being built or altered to suit human purposes—necessarily revealed the kinds and qualities of the lives it served. The buildings had variety, not simply because they were of different styles, ages, shapes—but because each told a different human story, and the stories came together to make the story of the street, a chapter, or an episode, in the story of the city.

It must not be inferred that I am proposing an incongruous jumble of people and structures as an answer to the problem of monotony. There is still the cardinal principle of unity to be considered. The heterogeneous life threads must weave together into some sort of interrelation, else there is no longer variety, but chaos, even conflict. On my street there were both. The housewives' bundles came from the corner grocery; workers and some residents used the Catholic church; our children mingled with the cafeteria customers when they felt the need to augment their home fare by an extra hamburger or two, and many of us, on nights when cooking was just too much for us, would push by Signor Baraldi's paunch and partake of his ravioli. But on the other hand, I admit that neither the blind nor Mrs. Sanger's visitors had much integral part in the life of the block, while between the members of the Council of Young Israel and the boys at St. Francis Xavier Military Academy there was no perceptible camaraderie.

I describe the life of this one block not out of simple nostalgia, but because I am convinced that the solution to the specter of urban monotony lies in just such analysis. Most urban zoning regulations, with their blanket designations of specific areas as commercial, residential, mixed light industry, etc., were once necessary, and still are, to prevent the misuse of land which absence of control invites. But they are at best vast oversimplifications, and at worst sometimes dreadfully wrong. They need serious re-examination and drastic revision. Certainly the situation which now sends millions traveling every day between bedroom and working areas can hardly be described as brilliantly conceived. A zoning revision which would encourage the interlacing of work and living might do a great deal toward diminishing the daily tide of humanity now choking out transportation channels. Actually, wherever investment opportunities can be found, there is to be seen a distinct trend in this direction, and apartment builders advertise "live in midtown and walk to work," indicating that a market for such mixed urban patterns exists.

Considering the hazard of monotony that now faces us in urban redevelopment, the most serious fault in our zoning laws lies in the fact that

they permit an entire area to be devoted entirely to a single use. On every side we see tracts as large as twenty or thirty square blocks at a time being razed and given over to—say—housing. In a way, this is as harmful to the future of our cities as permitting industries into residential areas was in the past.

Of course, it will be a tremendously complex task to devise regulations that will encourage varied use patterns while avoiding undesirable incongruities. No one solution will be found; each area, each street, perhaps even each block, will require special study. But it is a challenge that planners must meet if we are to preserve whatever remains of that variety which is the spice of urban life.

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# WHAT WILL BECOME of the LIBERAL ARTS?

by GEORGE P. SCHMIDT

If the versatile mind with a sense of the past is,  
as liberal educators insist, the minimum  
equipment of educated men—what to make of the  
appearance that the liberal arts college  
as we've known it is on the way out?

When the college graduate has his attention directed to the affairs of higher education, he is likely to approach them according to his own college experience, as seen in nostalgic retrospect. The four bright college years that were his are the standard, or at any rate the point of departure, for whatever criticism seems called for by the newest startling turn of the Cold War or the latest depressing statistics on juvenile delinquency. Some reflection might straighten his warped perspective. His four years were, after all, a moment in the long history of higher education; it had not always been as he found it, it is probably not the same now, and it will presently be something else again.

Though in its very nature one of the most conservative of human institutions, the university and the liberal arts college which is its core are no more immune to change than anything else that man has built.

What changes can be expected? (This is *not* the same as asking, "what ought the colleges to be doing.") More precisely, I'd like to consider one question quite current among educators: will the four-year college of liberal arts,

whose students "major" in one of the traditional academic subjects, survive in its present form, or will it cede to the vocational and technical schools, leaving, perhaps, as a stump or vestigial remain, a two-year college of general studies?

One can argue, of course, that this is not a problem of the future but an accomplished fact: it has already happened. In a sense it has, but in a surreptitious, under-the-counter sort of way. For while we are most certainly expanding our vocational and technical schools, we are at the same time extolling the nobility of the liberal arts; we let the former proliferate but vow eternal loyalty to the latter. As one prominent contemporary educator has remarked, "The literature of higher education slops over with sentimental effusions about noble purposes." The college professor, who forms a perennial part of the captive audience on his own campus at baccalaureate and commencement addresses, can recall very few that did not, sooner or later, get around to speeches on the liberal arts, commending their timeless values, somewhat tardily, to the graduates in agriculture, business administration, engineering, home economics, and journalism, who are sitting, numb and docile, at the feet of the speaker. In recent years the encomiums have, if anything, taken on new fervor and intensity, perhaps because the devotees have begun to lose their former sense of security.

The grounds for their doubt go back a hundred years to the days when Lawrence Scientific School at Yale opened up the first cracks in the monolithic classical and liberal colleges, which institutions had come down with little change from seventeenth-century England. They offered a curriculum made up of Latin, Greek, mathematics, logic, mental and moral philosophy, with a bit of *belles-lettres* and a few lectures in science as a fringe. The course was the same for all, and every student took the whole of it, neat and undiluted. There were no alternative choices for nice boys and girls with sprawling enthusiasm and low-voltage powers of concentration. No dean or guidance counselor was there to suggest, soothingly: "Chemistry is clearly not your meat; and you say you are allergic to foreign languages? Perhaps you could be happy with sociology, or in elementary edu-

cation." The old-time college was solid mental discipline from beginning to end, and whoever could not take it did not graduate.

This system of higher education, under sporadic attack from the late eighteenth century on, broke down completely in the last quarter of the nineteenth, when President Eliot committed Harvard to the elective system of studies and when the new western state universities, under pressure from a wide variety of interest groups, and democratically trying to be all things to all men, set up departments of agriculture, commerce, engineering, and pedagogy, and raised them all to equality with the old classical curriculum. The Morrill Act and subsequent Federal legislation helped mightily. The process of expansion and diversification begun then has, of course, continued to this day. Vocational and professional schools have continued to grow and multiply; at the same time the original liberal curriculum has also expanded to take in new subjects of study which no self-respecting college would formerly have touched. For corroboration, open any college catalogue.

Do we assume, then, that the historic American liberal arts college is on its way out? The question applies to form as well as content.

In form I think the college will continue much as we know it for some time to come. Some changes, as for example the eleven-month academic year, will no doubt occur, but there is little likelihood of a complete reorganization of our system of higher education, say along European lines, with secondary school extending about up to our sophomore college level, and the graduate and professional university superimposed on that. The four-year institution, whatever its content or logic, is ingrained in the American experience and holds our loyalties. No attempts to upset it have thus far succeeded. And there have been quite a number: over a century ago President Francis Wayland of Brown tried; Johns Hopkins in its early days announced its emancipation from the four-year pattern; President Eliot tried to change the form at Harvard; President Butler of Columbia suggested that it had perhaps outlived its usefulness; the attempt of Chancellor Hutchins to make over the University of Chicago is a recent memory. All such attempts have failed.

The fate of the Chicago experiment is a striking demonstration of the strength of (at least) the four-year tradition. The last remnants of Chancellor Hutchins' two-year general college were liquidated only last year, with forty separate "peace treaties" required among the various schools of the University to achieve the return to the status quo. From now on, the University of Chicago will welcome "beauty and brawn" as well as brains, without any lowering of standards, says the dean of the reestablished college. "The ordinary American boy, who will only make a million in later life, the ordinary girl, who wants a husband as well as a diploma, are as welcome here as the Quiz Kid." If these comments mean what they seem to mean, campus queens may re-appear on the Midway campus and Chicago may apply for readmission to the Big Ten.

Also sustaining the familiar four-year pattern is the preference of faculties, by and large, for making haste slowly. The college as we have known it is thought to be comfortable. Alumni may also throw their weight against any radical change, even if faculties and administrations should desire it. While an interest in things of the mind and a sympathetic understanding of educational difficulties are undoubtedly increasing among college alumni, the weight of sentiment the country over would probably favor the retention of the old forms. Happy memories of one's own college days and anticipation of a similar experience for one's children are too closely bound up with the progression from the freshman to the senior year, and would count heavily against any practical considerations in favor of drastic change.

But though the form may not change, the content inevitably will—and has. Today, while universities still grant the bachelor's and the master's degree, as they have been doing since the thirteenth century, the work and the achievements represented by these degrees are far from what they were then. They will diverge still more widely in the years immediately ahead, for the multitudes of freshmen are upon us, and they will not all fit the traditional curricular molds nor be forced to. Changes will not be uniform, however, nor will they proceed at the same pace on all campuses. As a result, two

or perhaps three general types of institutions may emerge, all built on the accepted four-year frame.

The first will include the overwhelming majority of independent colleges. These will, as many of them are already doing, devote their two lower years to a series of more or less required courses in general studies, in imitation or adaptation of the educational philosophy and practice that Columbia introduced into the American college world forty years ago. In the two upper years, students will move, with few exceptions, into one or another of the vocational and pre-professional majors offered by the college. The exact nature of the resulting curriculum, as well as the range and quality of the vocational departments, will depend on a combination of factors: the history and tradition of the particular college, its financial status, the wishes of its board of control, the character of its president and faculty, and so forth.

Among other things, we will see increasing cooperation and division of functions among the colleges of a state or a region, perhaps in the manner of the Southern Regional Education Board, a compact among sixteen southern states for the more effective use of their joint facilities and the avoidance of wasteful duplication; or, on a smaller scale, several neighboring institutions may jointly launch new enterprises like that of the Claremont College in California, or the projected College of the Connecticut Valley, which is under the common sponsorship of Amherst, Mount Holyoke, Smith, and the University of Massachusetts. This will be the form of some of the liveliest experimentation in higher education in the years ahead. But whatever new curricula or course combinations may emerge, one thing seems certain: there will be fewer and fewer students majoring in English, or French, or history, or philosophy. In the great majority of colleges the old familiar liberal arts major is on its way out.

A somewhat different course is indicated for the great universities, both public and private. These will have to maintain, somewhere in their complex organization, a complete school of liberal arts with a full roster of academic majors. Respect for traditional scholarship and the prestige of the university will require this. Even

here, though, the liberal arts college will decline in relative size and will be more closely linked with the graduate school: its majors will increasingly be only those students who expect to go on to graduate school and themselves become university professors and research specialists. Evolving in this fashion, the universities will, by design or inadvertence, come to resemble Johns Hopkins, where students have always been encouraged to think of the entire period from the freshman year to the doctorate as a continuum, and to regard the A.B. and the M.A. not as terminal degrees but as temporary and non-requisite stops on the road to the Ph.D.

A third sort of institution may emerge. A handful of older colleges, whose established position, distinguished clientele, and impressive endowment give them a wider choice, may decide to continue the liberal tradition in all its vigor, spurning the popular trend, maintaining the most rigorous intellectual standards, and restricting themselves to a highly selective student body.

Women's colleges may be included in this last group, and the reasons are plain. For women, the need of vocational and professional training is not as urgent as for men. Another reason lies in the history of colleges for women. When first proposed, in the middle of the nineteenth century, these encountered stubborn opposition from men—and women—who insisted that girls could not carry the rugged curriculum of classical languages, mathematics, and philosophy imposed on their brothers. As one critic put it bluntly: "They will die in the process!" The founders of Vassar and its successors had to prove that women could do what men were doing, and loaded their programs with standard courses in language and literature, philosophy and science. Apparently even some of the more recent, "progressive" women's colleges still feel the need to demonstrate this equal competence. You can read the Sarah Lawrence catalogue from cover to cover without finding any direct statement, scarcely even a hint, that this is a college for women.

Among women students one finds enthusiasm for this position. At the recent fortieth anniversary of Douglass College, the chief convocation speaker suggested, among other things, that colleges for women should put in compul-

sory courses in child care and consumer economics. My students, when I asked their opinion of this proposal, registered vigorous and almost unanimous dissent. Most emphatic was the comment of a girl who had just returned to class after taking two weeks out to have a baby. "I can read," she said indignantly, "my husband can read. We can follow the government pamphlets on child care and on consumer problems." That such *ad hoc* college studies might replace solid courses in literature, philosophy, and history was to her unthinkable.

If then, with the exceptions mentioned, the college students of the future will be moving in immense numbers into the vocational and professional majors, if the conventional liberal arts major is doomed, the question arises: is this wholly bad? And the corollary questions: are liberal and vocational aims mutually exclusive? Must we sacrifice one in order to gain the other? Not necessarily.

In the first place, even with the growth of vocational studies a far larger number of the nation's young people are exposed to the liberal arts today than was the case when the latter were supposedly in their prime. In, say, 1860, the heyday of the classical college, the total enrollment in all institutions of higher learning was around 15,000, in a population of about thirty million. If this proportion held today, when the population is six times thirty million, there would be about 90,000 liberal arts students currently enrolled, or, only three per cent of the more than three million students who actually were in institutions of higher learning in 1959. Surely, even in the worst event, the percentage of liberal arts majors will remain higher than that. It is now about thirty per cent among college men, and much higher among college women.

A second fact mitigates against the demise of liberal arts education. Liberal and vocational courses, while differing in purpose, are not in absolute opposition; they are complementary and interdependent. Liberal values can be introduced into vocational subjects by competent teachers. Conversely, traditional liberal subjects, if taught by unimaginative pedants, can become most illiberal. President John Gardner of the Carnegie Corporation has expressed the idea

neatly:

An excellent plumber is infinitely more admirable than an incompetent philosopher. The society which scorns excellence in plumbing . . . and tolerates shoddiness in philosophy . . . will have neither good plumbing nor good philosophy. Neither its pipes nor its theories will hold water.

Yet the fact remains that, in one way or another, the liberal college will have to come to terms with its vocational rivals. This problem of adjustment, difficult enough in itself, is aggravated by a chronic conflict within the college which tends to weaken its position and lower its prestige. The phrase arts *and* sciences suggests the rift. Too often, the proponents of a liberal education base their claims exclusively on the value of the arts or the humanities alone, ignoring or even deprecating the enormous contribution of science to these self-same values. Too often, humanists see the scientist doing the devil's work, substituting electronic computers for the human mind, and offering up man's free imagination on the altar of Univac. The scientists, on their part, each intent on advancing his own limited field, sometimes lose sight of the larger implications of their subjects. We have all known college graduates who dutifully plowed through their required freshman science course, never seeing the forest for the trees, and only later, when studying philosophy or history, came to see the meaning of science for modern life.

Good will and attentiveness between these divergent groups is not easily achieved. Each professor is a specialist, in duty bound to aim at mastery in his field; but this requirement takes up so much of his time that he finds it difficult to keep up with developments in other fields. Thus the professor of literature is scarcely able to continue thinking about matters of science, and if he does so at all it is according to the one course in introductory chemistry with which he, as an undergraduate, satisfied the science requirement thirty years ago. And when historians try to assess the work of modern physics, they are likely to find the language and symbols of the craft utterly beyond their comprehension. In a summarizing chapter on recent cultural trends, the author of a widely used college text in modern history gives up in despair when he comes to physics, for this subject has

become "too specialized for the layman to grasp or for history to record." The chemist or the physicist, in turn, is in like danger of seeing the affairs of society today as they looked when he took his one and only course in government or in economics, in the days of Calvin Coolidge. With such dusty equipment in the social sciences he will be a pushover for what Harry Truman once called "creeping McKinleyism." As Whitehead said, the man whose mind remains in a professional groove is a public danger.

To escape the groove it will be necessary, somehow, to re-establish communication among the watertight compartments of the arts and sciences. If some measure of peace can be achieved here, the liberal college in its essence will have better than a fighting chance for survival. It will then only be necessary to remember that a liberal education is not a matter of titles or labels or of specific majors, and that it does not stand or fall with a fixed curriculum or a prescribed accumulation of courses yielding 120 credit points. All these externals have changed over the centuries and will continue to change.

The point lies elsewhere. It lies in the continued exposition of the liberal values to a largely indifferent public, and in a stiff determination to defend them against threats arising out of the issues of the day. How to make conscientious members of Congress see that a thought-controlling oath required of recipients of graduate fellowships is not only futile but contradicts the very purpose for which those fellowships are intended; how to convince tax-conscious and security-minded citizens that free inquiry and unhampered expression on all intellectual fronts are the real defense of Western and, for that matter, of all civilization; that is the real job of the liberal college today, if it is to remain a force in American life.

■

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by WM. THEODORE DE BARY

## *A Visit to Eihei-ji*

Eihei-ji (the Temple of Enduring Peace) is, among Japanese temples, somewhat off the beaten path for American tourists. The spot its founder chose was recommended chiefly by its remoteness from the centers of power and civilization, Kyoto and Kamakura.

Far from the much-traveled Eastern Sea Route from Tokyo to Kyoto, Eihei-ji (pronounced "Ay-hay-jee") stands on a secluded mountainside facing west toward the Japan Sea. Unfavored by the genial climate which brings visitors to the resorts of the Pacific Coast, it presents a more rigorous aspect of Japan, its face set against cold continental winds that blow in from North Korea and Siberia. Neither the splendidly landscaped gardens nor the exquisite painting, sculpture and ceramic art which make the Zen temples of Kyoto so captivating can be found here.

Yet, as I have said, some of these disadvantages from the tourists' point of view were what recommended the site to Eihei-ji's founder, Dōgen (1200-1253). As a scion of the Kyoto court aristocracy, Dōgen had all the qualifications of birth, natural gifts and education, that would have equipped him for high office. The prime ministership would not have been beyond his expectation. Nevertheless, Dōgen turned his back on a worldly career and took up a religious life that proved far more difficult and demanding.

Almost from the first he was disappointed at the lack of genuine religious spirit in the monasteries near Kyoto. Pursuing his search to China, he was disillusioned there, too, by the worldliness—indeed, avarice—of those pur-

An American orientalist recounts a sojourn in a Zen Buddhist temple—his taste of the arduous training and the life there, and the ways in which foreign 'acolytes' have misconstrued Zen.

ported Zen masters from whom he sought instruction. Even after finding a genuine teacher, and on his return to Kyoto, Dōgen found life in the established temples dissolute and unsuited to true religious practice. In founding Eihei-ji, he projected a monastery where the religious life could be pursued single-mindedly and uncompromisingly.

Today Eihei-ji is a general headquarters and principal training center of the Sōtō sect of Zen, which claims Dōgen as its founder. Actually, the latter, in establishing the monastery, had no intention of founding a new sect—he wished only to be a true Buddhist and abhorred sectarianism. But as a thinker, he has commanded a following far beyond the Sōtō sect itself. Even Rinzai Zen, much better known in the West through the writings of D. T. Suzuki, and which has fundamental points of difference with Sōtō in both teaching and practice, takes pride in the belief that it keeps more faithfully to the ideal of Dōgen. And some scholars have claimed for Dōgen that philosophical thought worthy of the name made its first appearance in Japan in his writings.

For me, with a sabbatical year to spend in Japan, this would have been cause enough to put Eihei-ji on the list of places to see. But I had other reasons, of a more personal nature. Ryusaku Tsunoda, for many years curator of the Japanese collection at Columbia, had always felt a particular fondness for Dōgen, and in making a pilgrimage to Eihei-ji—though it was scholarly rather than religious—I considered myself as in a way representing my friend.

Today, with Japan's excellent railway system, Eihei-ji is not the remote spot it was in Dōgen's time. From Kyoto it is less than six hours by "semi-express." We (a Kyoto friend and I) traveled out beyond Mt. Hiei, the ancient center of Buddhist monasticism which Dōgen too had left behind; then along the shores of the beautiful Lake Biwa, ever attendant, like a faithful Japanese wife, on the lordly presence of Hiei; next through the rice fields of Ōmi, pale green in the late Fall as new shoots sprang up from the harvested stubble; and finally, having pierced the dark mountain barrier and reached the white-capped Japan Sea, northeastward along the coast to the foothills ringing Eihei-ji.

The last stretch of our journey was on a local branch line, where we had the company of a group of pilgrims. They were mostly old ladies, far from their homes in the southwestern island of Kyushu. I had often seen such groups visiting the shrines of Kyoto, with their silk, flower-shaped badges pinned to their cloaks for identification. They swarmed together, fearing nothing so much as a moment's separation from each other. Having shoved and squirmed and gotten themselves seated side by side (it was a little dangerous for an outsider to be caught in between), they relaxed in the warmth of their own companionship, chatting and laughing away like the Ladies Auxiliary on a Sunday excursion back home. Theirs was a holiday as much as a pilgrimage, and today great numbers of Japanese like these, during the fine weather in November and December, indulge in what is almost a national pastime, journeying to sacred and scenic spots.

From the station, it was a short climb up to the temple gate, past the colorful souvenir stalls that line the approach to any important temple or shrine. Eihei-ji's vast extent and massive proportions were hidden behind cryptomeria trees, said to have been planted by the fifth patriarch of the sect; nor do the trees themselves strike one with their full impressiveness until one is close enough to feel humbled by the overpowering bulk of their trunks, standing in shadow like the giants of the Muir Woods. As for the buildings, it is only when one has been brought within the walls, past the reception desk, and through successive reception halls, each of great size, that one begins to sense the real magnitude of the monastery—no mountain retreat but almost a city in itself.

The basic plan of any full-fledged Zen temple is Chinese, and reflects the Chinese love of symmetry and balance as well as their special taste for grandeur. The main buildings of the temple compound are lined up on a central axis, with two large-roofed gates standing directly in front of the chief ceremonial halls, the Hall of the Buddha (where an image is enshrined) and the Hall of the Law (or Teaching Hall). No doubt the effect of passing through these successive structures, walled about by a great rectangular cloister, is awesome, akin to the feeling produced by the massive approaches to Peking's Imperial

City.

But in practice this direct approach is hardly ever used at Eihei-ji—it is blocked by a special gate for Imperial messengers. Since years and even decades go by without such a ceremonial visit, this latter is kept closed. Off to the side one finds the common entrance, within which is the cluster of reception halls and auxiliary buildings that serve visitors. Grouped around one corner of the original compound, they form the most prominent in a series of wings that unbalance the whole—a plan probably not uncongenial to the Japanese fondness for indirection and asymmetry.

But Eihei-ji, monumental and spacious, plainly belied a third stereotype, the supposed Japanese predilection for the miniature and the delicate. We mounted covered stairways of heavy granite, and trudged along seemingly endless colonnades whose stout columns bore up the tiled roofs. The circuit of these long, open corridors took a half-hour. It had begun to rain; though we were "indoors," gusts of wind penetrated us with a damp chill.

As overnight guests, we were guided by a young black-robed monk to another huge edifice on the far side of the compound which served as a kind of hostel or dormitory. The Kyushu pilgrims, together in one large room, hardly crowded it. My traveling companion from Kyoto and I had room to spare in a separate compartment. Adjacent to us were a man and his wife who had come to attend memorial services for a deceased relative. Otherwise the hall seemed quite empty.

The fact that Eihei-ji is equipped to handle many more guests than came that night implies the popularity of Sōtō Zen. Rinzai Zen has always been austere and aristocratic; Sōtō Zen has a greater appeal to the masses, and Eihei-ji, though no less rigorous in its monastic life, does a sizable business in services for the dead and in sightseeing. There is a steady stream of visitors during the day—school children on class outings; college boys and girls who make this a stop on the way to their favorite hot-spring resort or skiing spot (Zen itself has little attraction for most of them, and interest in it abroad seems to them odd—perhaps a sign of bourgeois decadence in the West); and there

are older people with a more reverential purpose. Over half a million a year was the figure I was given for such visitors. The peculiar combination of popular shrine for the many and ascetic discipline for the few gives Eihei-ji its distinctive character.

To me this was somewhat perplexing at first. On arrival I had requested permission to attend the regular services, hoping that I would not be treated as an outsider or as an exception to the usual routine. I soon learned, at the afternoon session of scripture chanting, that it was my request which was exceptional: my Kyoto friend and I found ourselves alone with the monks, who themselves numbered hardly two dozen. The other guests had come simply to pay their respects and enjoy a little religious atmosphere; they would rest and relax until the morning services. Only during special seasons of the year do laymen—and those but a few—join the monks during their meditation.

For the *sutra* chanting, I lined up with a small group of what looked like postulants of varying ages, with unshaved heads and in civilian clothes. They bowed low, from the waist, at every monk who passed, and considering the extreme youth of some to whom they bowed, I thought it a little extraordinary—the Japanese sense of respect is usually so closely associated with age. At Eihei-ji, however, it is seniority in the practice of Zen, not precedence of age, education, or social rank, which commands respect, and even the novice who comes with graying hair or a university degree takes his place in the lowest rank.

The chanting itself was performed with great solemnity and dignity. The Japanese, I am convinced, have a very special taste for and sense of ceremonial, evident even in their handling of the liturgy in Catholic churches. But the chant at Eihei-ji differed markedly from Catholic plain-chant. To the melodic variety and free rhythms of the Western form, Buddhist chant opposes a steady beat and vigorous monotone, which seems to vary only in intensity and speed. So, too, with the instrumental accompaniment, which is all percussive: knockers, drums, and gongs. Typical is the great "wood-fish" (*mokugyo*) drum, carved from the stump of a huge tree with a highly-stylized "bull-head" or carp design, and struck with a cloth-wrapped drum-

stick so heavy that it cannot actually be swung but is only lunged with at the drum. The deep, resounding boom of the "wood-fish"—deeper and more resonant than any bass drum—is what accents the rhythm of the chant, gathering speed toward the climax like the primitive rhythm of a bolero. Such music expresses a quite different religious intention from Christian religious music. It is meant to induce a state of trance-like meditation, absorbing the individual body and mind in an intense inward experience of religious truth from which awareness of everything external is excluded. It is not a hymn of praise, by which the creature lifts and offers himself to God, returning to Him in musical form all the glory with which He has endowed His manifold creation.

The chanting ended in a series of mysterious ejaculations (*dharani*), more magical in nature than spiritual, followed by special memorial observances at the Hall of the Founder, where the remains of Dōgen and his successor-patriarchs are enshrined. We returned to our room, and supper was served—a vegetarian meal that was various, tasteful, but mostly cold. That wet chilly night, in an unheated room, one felt a special appreciation for even the tepid green tea carried the equivalent of half a city block from the main kitchen. And more than this for the warm company of the young monk who served. He said a kind of grace before the meal, expressing gratitude for the food, pledging the avoidance of sin, and vowing a determination to attain Buddhahood for the sake of all beings. (These pledges were written on the chopstick wrapper so that the faithful might follow and join in.) Then he knelt quietly and attentively at one side, prepared to talk with us if spoken to, or simply to wait in silence and render whatever service might be needed, like the housewife in a Japanese home or a maid at an inn.

When supper was finished, it was time for the evening *zazen*, "sitting in meditation." We were asked to come to the Meditation Hall barefoot, which frustrated (and not by accident) the loving plan of my wife to provide me with warm slipper-socks against the cold. Wind and rain-spray still chilled the long dark stairways, and at the Hall itself no effort was made to close the sliding doors against the weather.

As before, I was the last in the line of postulants, all of whom had to do their "sitting" in a corridor just outside the main hall. There was a narrow raised platform along the wall, covered with straw mats and edged with a board perhaps eight inches wide. Standing alongside the platform one was supposed to set oneself down backwards onto a small cushion, lift one's feet up into a crosswise position ("full-lotus," as they call it), and then, so balanced, pivot around on one's hands to face the wall. It is important to do this correctly, without letting one's feet touch the board, since the monks eat their meals here, using the board as a table, and the touch of feet is considered contaminating. I confess to having done all this very clumsily, but at the time my contrition was not unmixed with pique: if they had only let me keep those slipper-socks, their table-board would never have been menaced by my athlete's foot!

Sitting is an important activity in any Zen temple, but in the Sōtō sect it has a special importance as an end in itself rather than as an aid to the achievement of some further "enlightenment." Rinzai uses *zazen* meditation to concentrate on the problem or case (*kōan*) which the master has put to his disciple. Sōtō feels that the solving of formal *kōans* is too purposive, while simply sitting in silent meditation might be too passive. "Active sitting," without any particular formula for enlightenment, is the Sōtō way of joining introspection to bodily action. In the final analysis, then, training and the attainment of Buddhahood are seen to be simultaneous and identical.

To the outsider, this difference in emphasis might seem slight enough, perhaps wholly elusive, but the adherents of each school are emphatic in their disagreement. Rinzai followers find Sōtō sitting too haphazard and vague and liable to self-delusion. One may convince oneself that one is a Buddha without in fact coming close. But it is precisely that there is any direction to take, any goal to achieve, which Sōtō denies. In Sōtō, Buddhahood is a constant exercise without beginning or end; in Rinzai it is attained through a definite experience of enlightenment, or a progressive series of such intuitions leading to a goal that is no less specific for being elusive.

Since my hosts attached such supreme value

to the sitting itself, a precise understanding of doctrinal issues was not prerequisite to getting on with the actual practice. They took me as I was, with no questions asked, and proceeded to instruct me in the techniques of *zazen*. Once one was poised, perfectly erect, on the cushion, the idea was to maintain the right balance of body and mind, at ease and yet not wholly relaxed; alert and on edge, yet not tense or tight. Proper control of breath was, of course, essential. As an exercise in this, I was told to inhale deeply, then incline slowly to one side (still straight instead of bending), and then, while exhaling gradually, return to center position. Next, the same procedure on the other side; and so on, slowly back and forth, until one came to rest naturally and easily in an erect posture.

Whether I performed this action properly I had no way of knowing. But this much I can say: my mind and senses were never more active, and the stillness around me was, for that very reason, almost deafening. In such silence one realizes how busy and noisy the mind is. But, having barely reached that realization, I suddenly became aware of a shadow moving across the wall as of someone approaching from behind. It was the Godō, the director of the monks' training. On his first such visit, he gave a good shove at the base of my spine to straighten me up; my posture left something to be desired. A while later he was back, and I felt a light tap on the shoulder, as of a rod being laid against it, followed by a sharp thwack with a real sting in it. I took this as punishment, quite prepared to think that I had failed the minimum requirements. But the others in turn were thwacked just as soundly—a stern reminder for all that sitting was serious business.

When everyone had been knocked into line, there was stillness again. How long? It seemed an age, but I was no judge. My crossed legs ached and ached and then grew numb. My dripping nose was an hourglass that never emptied, but with my finger tips in contact position on my lap, there was no way of fishing out a handkerchief. Inside the hall the Godō broke the silence again with a sermon in quiet tones, largely drowned out by a downpour of rain right outside my sitting place. Just as fasting sharpens rather than dulls the senses of taste and smell, so prolonged silence makes one doubly sensitive to sound. When the sitting was brought to a con-

clusion in another long, rhythmic crescendo of chant and incantation, the stout wooden knocker (which, together with gongs and drums, synchronized our activity) made my eardrums throb with pain.

Pain one can stand if one has to, but the body exacts its own price. At the end I had to pry my frozen legs open with my hands and could barely rise to stand. To walk was out of the question. As the last man in, I was supposed to be the first man out, and the others in line behind me were waiting for me to move. Since no gesture of mine could induce them to precede me, I was finally forced to stumble through the door. Only after standing and jogging around a bit outside could I make my way unsteadily back to the hostel.

There was nothing unusual in this. A first experience of *zazen*, I have learned, is almost always unsatisfactory. For most people it takes months, and for some, years, just to master the physical discipline (though there is one practitioner in Tokyo, I understand, who has widely advertised a five-day "quickie" course to the attainment of enlightenment!). Even young Japanese are no longer so well adapted to sitting according to this form as they once were, what with the increasing use of chairs and seats every place outside the home. To counteract this, in grade schools maintained by the Sōtō sect, there has been introduced a daily "sitting" period which will accustom children to the practice while their limbs are still supple.

It was already past ten o'clock when we slid into our *futon* (sleeping quilts) for some rest. Morning services were to be at 3 a.m. But my hopes of getting at least a few hours' sleep between times were badly disappointed. Monks ran up and down the corridors until a late hour. They were lugging piles of bedding and great trays of dishware, but with all their pounding and shouting and laughing, the racket could as well have come from a pajama party. If this was monastic serenity in the East, it yielded nothing to a Catskill hotel. And when the monks subsided, nature took over. Violent thunder kept up the din and lightning lit up the room.

At the morning service, the director of training preached to all the overnight guests, including our pilgrims from Kyushu. Impressive in his yellow robes, he spoke with great earnest-

ness, presenting the basic teachings of the sect in simple, direct terms for the benefit of the laymen present.

By this time, I was not to be shocked when his quiet sermon, delivered in the 3 a. m. stillness of a largely empty reception hall, was disturbed by the wild clanging of a bell. A monk came bounding down the stairway outside with an old-fashioned fireman's bell to rouse his fellow-monks, who slept through the morning sermon until time for their own services to start. When they had assembled, we went through another lengthy sequence of ceremonies lasting until well after six—anniversary services in the Founder's Hall for the third patriarch, with each participant lighting a stick of incense in honor of all the patriarchs; scripture chanting in the Teaching Hall (*Hattō*), featuring recitation of texts while the monks marched in an intricate formation reminiscent of half-time ceremonies on a football field at home; then, finally, services for the dead at the request of the families present. I wondered to what extent the laymen present would take part in the ceremonies; but beyond burning incense and the repetition of a few standard prayers or chants by one or two who seemed to function as leaders of the pilgrims, they did little but watch.

After the standard vegetarian breakfast, I was privileged to receive an interview with the Godō. He was from Tokyo, where he had his own family temple, and where he had taught for many years in the Sōtō sect university, Komazawa Daigaku. It was his experience working with students that recommended him for his position as director of the young monks' training. Though the latter most often came from the families of priests, modern life had changed their outlook greatly, and religious guidance of a traditional sort was no longer suited to their needs. The Godō, though past middle age, accepted this demanding assignment and arduous routine, out of a sense, as he put it, of gratitude and obligation to the founder, Dōgen.

Of his zeal for the faith there could be no question. But I was interested in more than doctrinal matters; the institutional arrangements of a religion (hierarchy, organization, finance, etc.) were significant for me both as the outward expression of the doctrine and as a reflection of the historical and cultural factors which always

condition that expression. But with questions of this kind he had little patience. Finances? "We have no financial problems whatever, as you can see from the excellent condition of the temple and the new building in progress." Hierarchy? "It is all taken care of by election of the Abbot (a modern development, part of the Meiji reforms) and his appointment of the other officials." Patriarchal succession? This one brought a lengthy reply. In the Sōtō sect there was no such thing as one master setting his spiritual seal on a successor, as in Rinzai Zen. Sōtō was egalitarian in recognizing the Buddhahood in everyone. Thus, he returned to his favorite theme: the attainment of Buddhahood as primarily a matter of action performed in faith, rather than as the reaching of some special threshold of religious insight.

In so stressing the egalitarian character of Sōtō Zen, the Godō also made clear another characteristic of the sect: its distrust of the intellectual or philosophical approach to religion. Knowledge was unimportant, either as a qualification for entry into the religious life or as a means of furthering it. His frank and repeated depreciation of the Ph.D. degree did not disturb me particularly, since his purposes were quite different from those of the Western academic tradition. But I could not help wondering later, when I visited the monastery museum and saw so many venerable relics of his own tradition poorly preserved and improperly, if not erroneously, labeled, whether their condition was not an index of his attitude. To call this kind of Zen anti-intellectual would surely be going too far; it is not opposed to scholarship but only unconcerned with it. Nevertheless, that learning would ever flourish here as it did in the monasteries and universities of medieval Europe seemed most unlikely.

On the conclusion of our interview, a young monk guided us with quiet dignity through the rest of the monastery and explained something of the life of the monks. I had assumed that in such an old and well-established institution one would find the same monastic stability that characterizes most Christian orders. This was, however, not the case, as I first began to realize from the small number of older monks in evidence. Eihei-ji rather resembled a seminary in the West, to which young men came for two or three years' training in "practice," some of them after

attending the college in Tokyo. Normally, on completion of this training, they returned to serve in their home temples. Few took up a religious career without some family connection already in the temple to insure a future livelihood; and none, so far as I could see, came to Eihei-ji with the thought of spending the rest of his life there.

During their term in the monastery, the monks' life was divided into periods of intensive sitting (as much as twelve hours a day), somewhat longer periods of limited sitting combined with a heavy schedule of daily chores, and short vacations in which they might return home. In virtually all Zen temples meditation is combined with manual labor. Here the daily tasks were varied because, in addition to meeting the needs of their own community (cleaning, cooking, gathering firewood, and sometimes growing food), they performed numerous services for guests and sightseers (manning a reception desk and switchboard, selling souvenirs, sweeping out reception halls after schoolchildren had eaten their box-lunches, and so on).

In contrast to the relatively comfortable accommodations for guests, the monks were housed in the Meditation Hall, each making his home on a single mat with a closet behind in which to keep his limited possessions. Their meals (eaten, as I have said, from the board at the edge of their mats) consisted mainly of rice gruel and vegetables, which they were obliged to eat without making a sound. This meant biting and chewing with lips closed. The crunchy pickles Japanese are so fond of were a problem, but manageable. Noodle soup, which is usually slurped up with great gusto, they could indulge in only when a special dispensation was granted after the intensive sitting. Each day of the month with a four or nine in it they were also permitted to indulge another Japanese weakness—for hot baths. This nearest thing to a Sabbath that they knew was called "Sunday."

It was a life, with a few modern adaptations, of which Dōgen would certainly have approved—a life of simplicity, frugality, religious dedication and hard work.

As we left, our guide pointed out the inscriptions on either side of the central gate, which set the tone of the whole monastery. They warned, in effect, that no one should enter here

who had not cut his attachments to the outside world; it cited a particular learned gentleman of China, who had missed the cultivated, intellectual life of polite society; his was the type that could not gain admission. On the other hand, a devout and simple lad would find the way unbarred.

Recalling my own reason for coming here, I thought of a remark Mr. Tsunoda had once made. "If you really want to follow Buddha's way, you must be ready to leave family and friends and everything you cherish in order to live in utter poverty. This I cannot do, so while I talk about Buddhism, I make no real claim to being a Buddhist."

He meant, of course, Buddhism or Zen conceived as a religion, not as a meditative discipline, like yoga, that is adaptable to several religious or philosophical ends.

Zen Buddhists in Japan today suffer some discomfort over the kind of following they have suddenly attracted abroad. The Beat's jazzed-up version of so austere and exclusive a cult makes them wince. Nevertheless, the young rebel from the West may at least offer certain of the qualifications the tradition demands. All of the—by now conventionalized—badges of the Beat (beard, sloppy dress, and eccentric behavior) suggest a readiness to break away from ordinary society, to accept total estrangement from one's own past, if necessary, and to submit unconditionally to the absolute demands of Zen. Only one who has experienced profound dissatisfaction or disillusionment is likely to become convinced, as one must be in this type of Zen, that there is no alternative to going the length of the road with one's new master. And the self-orphaned Beat is free, uncommitted enough to anything but himself, to make the total surrender which is required.

For myself, I was glad enough, and grateful, only to have been a guest in so hospitable a house.

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# BEFORE THE HOUSE

## THE WISDOM SOCIETY & I

ROBERT J. CLEMENTS

In the morning mail there was a bill that puzzled me. It was called a statement, but the import was clear. I owed \$15 to the WISDOM SOCIETY. That's how the name was printed. Unpaid bills are nothing new to professors, and I usually pay more attention to second or third notices. But the curious thing about this one was that I hadn't the remotest idea how I had contracted the debt. Or, for that matter, who or what might be the WISDOM SOCIETY of 8800 Wilshire Boulevard, Beverly Hills. I even entertained an unkind thought or two, remembering that California has long been famous for the Townsend Plan, commercial evangelism, and Loved-One cemeteries.

My fears were laid to rest immediately by an enclosed pamphlet with the heading, "THE WISDOM SOCIETY FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF KNOWLEDGE, LEARNING AND RESEARCH IN EDUCATION" (still their caps!). So far, so good. I'm all for that, I suppose, or why should I be a professor? A more enlightening rubric follows: "What it is and what it does for you." Once more the fleeting doubt. Why should they be explaining their organization to me when I am already in their debt? But the text under the heading reassured me with this set of golden maxims:

To lack wisdom is no disgrace.

To lack the desire for wisdom is a pity.

But to desire wisdom and not know how to find it is a tragedy.

Now let's face it. Professors don't always think in straight lines. My first thought was that I knew many

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quotations about wisdom, and yet I couldn't identify these. I worried about this for a moment. Then, having one of those minds cluttered with facts which Montaigne rightly deplored, I recalled that Shaw or someone quipped that to lack wisdom is no disgrace, but nothing to be proud of either.

I had better read on. After all, there was still that matter of the \$15.

First of all, I learned that the WISDOM SOCIETY, etc. (see above) is a non-profit organization. Why this right off? I had not accused them of being dedicated to the fast dollar. On the contrary, I thought they had a tremendous idea there. I learned next that it devotes its income "wholly and solely" to furthering educational objectives. Good, that's better. Wisdom doesn't come cheap. They could have added a quote from *Jeremiah*: "The price of wisdom is above rubies." I next read that the SOCIETY shares the educational aims of colleges and universities. Then followed the modest if self-confident conclusion that "it has won its way to world-wide renown through sheer merit of accomplishment. It has a distinguished record of service to the nation." Bravo, once again. To be sure, while I've been knocking around campuses for over twenty years and have been involved with several learned societies, I wasn't aware of this worldwide fame. But when one is being singled out for an honor, one had best be grateful. It might be like an honorary degree, those on-the-house doctorates that seldom go to scholars but to presidents and to bankers like my brother.

I began to wonder how I happened to be one of the elect. After all, "Wisdom comes to no one by chance," said Seneca. (Now they've got me doing it!) Perhaps they took my name from *Who's Who*, where I stand revealed as an educator. Maybe from the list of gray eminences of the Phi Beta Kappa Associates. Or from scholarly quarterly journals where my articles appear, heavily footnoted. Could they really have heard of my new book on Renaissance iconography coming out in Rome? Then the nasty thought darted through my mind that perhaps my name was on a sucker list.

Brushing aside such doubts, I plunged back into the pamphlet, which was seven pages long. I could not help thinking that my students with the least to say write the

longest examinations and papers.

The section heads were in the form of questions. The paragraphs on "Why Was It Created?" explained that the SOCIETY was founded to make knowledge readily available, more easily and more economically accessible to all. I hurried past words with euphonious sounds: "great ideas and ideals," "the American way of life." When I read that "education is so much needed in the world of today," I literally cried Amen. I was staggered by the burden the SOCIETY was assuming, for it "has accepted the immense task of preserving, improving, and enriching American educational standards." I was cheered that this little magazine could do what the combined efforts of the Office of Education, the philanthropic foundations, and everyone else had failed to do. It was the next section with the perhaps gratuitous rubric "Is the Organization Independent?" which thrilled me most, for I learned that it occupied "a position of unusual freedom," being affiliated with nothing under the sun. I thought of that motto of Stanford University (I've forgotten the German wording) about knowledge flourishing only when the winds of freedom are blowing. I was thrown for a moment, upon learning that the SOCIETY was "non-sectarian, non-political, and non-controversial." But how could one have reservations about a SOCIETY which courageously admitted that it recognizes "no barriers of race, color, or creed," and was "bringing into operation a more extensive program of national education through editorial freedom"? I read this last promise over several times, concluding that this must be a jim-dandy magazine, and that I should have examined my sample copy more carefully.

The next section bore the heading: "Does the SOCIETY publish *Wisdom*?" Since the large print on the first page had clearly explained that the WISDOM SOCIETY is (are?) "publishers of WISDOM MAGAZINE," this was no poser.

The next section was headed, "What Research does the SOCIETY do?" This I perused eagerly, being a short-winded veteran of library stacks both in this country and abroad. When I finished the paragraph, I felt humbled indeed—and more winded than ever. The SOCIETY researches everything—everywhere. They don't do specific things as do most societies. The humanist's motto about "nothing affecting man being alien to me" is just too narrow for these people. The SOCIETY admitted as much. As though with a shrug, it concluded, "WISDOM is a magazine which requires such exhaustive research, writing, illustrating, and editing that its accomplishment is beyond the means of the average magazine." Clearly, for the SOCIETY researchers, squaring the circle, finding the lost chord, or distilling the quintessence would be child's play.

At this point I set the pamphlet on the table and went into my library. Such a renowned organization must be one of the twenty-four constituent societies of the American Council of Learned Societies, the clearing house for all higher learning in this country. I ran my finger down the list. The associations of historians, sociologists, archaeologists, and numismatists, yes. Even the Mediaeval Academy, but no—no WISDOM SOCIETY. This made me feel better. If the bigwigs of the American

Council of Learned Societies had been so remiss as to ignore the WISDOM SOCIETY why should I ask my head?

I took my check book out of the desk before returning to the living room. Just in case. I was particularly impatient to learn what other benefits would be mine upon becoming a member. (Or was I a member already? There was still that pesky bill on the table.) The next section clarified all this. It was headed, "What are Membership Benefits?" It was all spelled out for me. By paying \$15 I was entitled to:

Any single issue of WISDOM

The WISDOM statuettes of "The Thinker"

An Attractive Membership Certificate of Honor

It was further promised that I could get my friends in as well by paying the now clarified dues, and that they, too, would receive the attractive Membership Certificate of Honor. And even more: "A beautiful gift card, inscribed with your name announcing your Gift Membership." It crossed my mind that I hadn't had a raise in several years. Maybe I should invest in a membership for the dean.

This section was very full, brimming over onto three pages. True, pedantry obliged me to note that there was repetition in it that had nothing to do with the section heading. For the thick-skulled, it was reaffirmed that WISDOM "is the one inspiring magazine in America that stands out morally, intellectually, and spiritually, and the only magazine in the world dedicated to wisdom." I thought for an eye-blink that the *Journal des Savants* might be so described, but set this down to a quibbling nature. As for the wordiness and repetitions in all this, I was visited by another quotation, Swift's reminder that wisdom is a hen whose cackling we must value and consider, because it is attended by an egg.

For a moment, I deliberated, recalling that most of the learned societies in America, trying to pace the WISDOM SOCIETY in a narrower or parochial way, give you a membership that includes four copies of their quarterly journal, usually a lot thicker than WISDOM. But then there were those pictures of Hemingway and Spencer Tracy that I now remembered so vividly. (I recalled noting that, unlike me, they had aged so!) Then, too, it would be grand to have that binder if I kept taking WISDOM for ten years at only \$150.

Maybe, in fact, it would cost less if I signed up for a longer period. After all, the next section was headed "How do 3-Year Members Benefit?" Being used to scrimping on my professor's salary, I turned quickly to this part. If I signed up for 1960-63, I would get the Certificate of Honor (having one of these already, I'd give this copy to my kids for their bedroom). I would also get the replica of Rodin's "Thinker," of wood and ten inches high, "created under the direction of Frank Gross," who must be getting pretty old now, since Rodin died in 1917. The identification makes me feel more at ease: the work ought more often to be clearly attributed to Rodin and Gross. But still I was confused, for I had already been promised on that list of benefits not one but plural "statuettes" if I signed up for a year.

I was now as perplexed as that copy of the "Penseur" at Columbia, turning his backside on Philosophy Hall and facing the employment office. These, however, were but distracting details. "How can he get wisdom," rightly asks Ecclesiasticus, "whose talk is of bullocks?"

Since there were no extra increments for signing on for three years, I could only congratulate the SOCIETY for not trumping up empty inducements.

The final section—we're now up to page 7—formally welcomed me into the SOCIETY. I was assured that my membership would be gratefully received, and any remittance carefully used and long remembered. I was frankly touched by this last verbal nicety. Gratitude is a much-neglected Christian virtue.

The moment of decision was upon me. Mr. Guttermann, whose attractive signature I now found closing the prospectus, was expecting an affirmative answer. I was glad to come across a name at last, along with that of the elderly Mr. Gross, the only other one visible. Most learned societies overdo it, with a dozen or more names weighing down the masthead. This was more personal. As I say, Mr. Guttermann was already welcoming me in a most decent way and expressing his gratitude. He had even billed me for \$15. (Tax-deductible—even the government admires this enterprise.) But this was jumping the gun just a bit, Mr. Guttermann. I may be deliberate and slow-moving, as many of my colleagues are, but I don't like to be pushed.

I walked over, musing, and sank into my big old red leather chair, in which I had made so many decisions during my lifetime. Probably I'd be a fool to turn this down. They would, no doubt, brief me on their other pursuits later on. Mr. Guttermann had informed me delicately that the Society—sorry, the SOCIETY—is made up of "distinguished" people. He also added that bit about "recognizing no barrier of race, color, or creed," but I'm sure it's neither too liberal nor subversive. I'm sure he allows *some* controversy. Yet we professors are an indecisive group. Why deny it? Conscience doth make cowards of us all. I'm now troubled by another doubt. The WISDOM SOCIETY, which must be doing a tremendous lot all over America and even the world (it says so), was established "to develop and extend a person's mind to where he is ready and eager to carry on his education—challenging him to his best achievement."

Now wait a minute, Mr. Guttermann.

How about my Ph.D.? Have you got a Ph.D., Mr. Guttermann? And how about my lectures and my publications in America and Europe? Mr. Guttermann, are you extending me your "attractive Membership Certificate of Honor" because I'm a troglodyte of some kind? And how about this most terrific research organization in the world? The one that doesn't even give the sources of its maxims. Can I call on it to check a fact or a reference for me, the way I could if I signed up for a set of the *Britannica* (for which I write, incidentally, Mr. Guttermann)?

Slowly I overcame this flood of unkind thoughts. Curiously, I heard my ears ringing with Milton's reprobation, somehow remembered:

Though wisdom wait, suspicion sleeps  
At wisdom's gate.

## ON WISE ACTION

PAUL GOODMAN AND STEPHEN P. DUNN

Allow me to object to Stephen P. Dunn's calling the attempt of the *Golden Rule* to sail into the Pacific bomb-waters "a dramatic and colorful 'stunt'." ("The Unheard Debate," Spring 1960) Precisely in the context of excessive organization that he is talking about, where we lost touch with every real job, task, or goal, in a fog of organized procedures, and where the most important and obvious goods are therefore astoundingly lost by default, it is certainly relevant (and not merely dramatic) to engage in non-violent direct action.

But actions like the *Golden Rule* or the recent beautiful resistance to the spurious Civil Defense in New York are, indeed, even simpler. They are what used to be called Bearing Witness. There are situations, different for different persons, in which it is impossible to live and breathe, to continue to be oneself, unless one affirms and acts out the contrary situation, at whatever risk and however "foolishly." If such action is a stunt, it is in the sense that Kierkegaard calls the man of faith an acrobat.

Mr. Dunn is concerned for the sociological image of the Committee for a Sane Nuclear Policy, that its members not be regarded as cranks. There is a place in public education for "the highly respectable tradition of democratic agitation: letters and advertisements in the press, communications to public figures, etc." that he speaks of. But I think he is making the mistake of believing that the world abstracted for sociology is the world itself. The world consists of men before it consists of committees. When ordinary common sense—e.g. "it's pretty stupid to poison the atmosphere"—is called crankishness, psychological wisdom is *not* to try to change an image, but to shake somebody hard by the shoulders and say, "Snap out of it!"

PAUL GOODMAN  
New York, N.Y.

Stephen Dunn writes:

Mr. Goodman's letter distresses me because it shows that, despite my best efforts, I haven't made myself clear. For instance:

—Believe it or not, Mr. Goodman, "Snap out of it!" was precisely what I was saying—not to the dyed-in-the-wool radicals, cranks, or (if you prefer) saints, who have never needed such an admonition, but to the ordinary, decent median liberals, still cowering in their split-levels, incapacitated by post-Stalin, post-McCarthy shell shock.

—The same for the *Golden Rule* affair. My purpose in calling it a stunt was not to pass any judgment on it, but to point out an objective difference between this way of doing things and what I call standard democratic agitation. There are situations which call for stunts. What the *Golden Rule* did was, in its context, highly salutary

and very much to the point, but it was none the less just as much a stunt as Mr. Nixon's famous spaniel gambit. Such stunts are usually resorted to when rational argument, for one reason or another, becomes impossible, and herein lies their very real danger. When you start an appeal to emotion, you never know just where it will stop.

—The same with what I said about the "sociological image" of SANE. Mr. Goodman tries to make me out a Chesterfieldian conformist, but I have small relish for the part, and won't accept it. My whole point was that the country is seriously off its political balance—and more so, I fear, with the attack of altitude sickness following the U-2 and the Summit. The result is that intrinsically moderate causes like SANE attract mainly those who are extremists in other ways, and thus are made to appear extreme in themselves, which they aren't.

## FOR A PASSIONATE CALM

IMMANUEL WALLERSTEIN

We Americans constantly debate the morality of our foreign policy. This self-consciousness may be admired by other nations but it may be offensive to them as well. We worry about our leadership in world affairs. We worry about assuming it—we worry about losing it. We evaluate and appraise—we re-evaluate and reappraise. We presume too much.

We began the century with a debate about whether our "manifest destiny" entitled us to an empire in the Pacific and the Caribbean. We entered the First World War "to make the world safe for democracy." We spent the Thirties in a grand argument over isolationism. The war ended and Mr. Luce proclaimed us participants in "The American Century."

All of this self-questioning, this uncertainty, we paraded in the expectation of some *éclat*. Psychologists had discovered the special problems of adolescence, and we and others saw an analogy in our growth as a nation. But during this time, the rest of the world proceeded at its own pace. In 1945, our "special" problems seemed irrelevant. We were a world power, one of two. We had an atom bomb, and dollars. We began to talk of our new maturity—the prodigy come of age. But the imagery was mistaken. Other nations were not our mothers, aunts, nephews, and cousins—an intimate, indulgent family. The world was composed of peoples who had their own problems, and who were unwilling to measure the importance of these problems by their relevance to our *rites de passage* into the adult world.

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In the postwar period, we developed a doctrine of "containment," to resist the expansion of Communist movements in countries around the borders of the USSR. This doctrine led us to think we had to be concerned with political developments—big and little—in all areas of the world. What had been remote became near in the thinking and concern of our leaders. The Korean war and the NATO Alliance demonstrated our willingness to back up our concern with military action. We were determined to stop the spread of, indeed "roll back," Communism.

Our analysis of world events made one idea central. President Truman said many times—and the country tended to agree with him—that the sole cause of world upheaval was malevolent Soviet actions. This simplistic analysis was shared, in reverse, by Soviet leaders. It led both sides to reject neutralism, in Dulles' words, as "immoral."

Our moral strictures about neutralism accounted in part for our formation of military alliances in Asia and the Middle East, our alienation from India and Indonesia, our interference in Iran, our strange behavior in Egypt. The urgency we felt communicated itself in the forced haste of the choices—ours and everyone else's—and the intensity of our commitments to our hasty choices.

But the very period when the moralizers held most sway in the U.S., the first Eisenhower-Dulles regime, was also the period of the collapse of the conditions that underlay their attitudes. 1953: the death of Stalin, the birth of the Soviet H-bomb. 1954: the defeat of McCarthy by Eisenhower, peace in Vietnam. 1955: Bandung, the Geneva Big Four decision not to wage war. 1956: the Twentieth Party Congress, Hungary, Suez.

In four years, in a painfully swift way, the two "world powers"—the Soviet Union first, the United States following—came to acknowledge, albeit halfheartedly, that the world did not revolve around the doings of the other. Both came to see that all the significant political forces in the world were not manipulated out of some central point, the rival's capital.

For revolutions are autonomous. They may take account of the world climate, respond to the world power situation. But their energy is largely their own and the degree to which outside forces can contain or control this energy is limited. Thus, the struggle against colonialism can be most usefully analyzed by examining the internal origins of that struggle. We may then understand the logic of the ideology and psychology of former colonies. Thus, too, developments within Communist countries can often be best understood as clashes between different interest-groups, each benefiting in different measure from the advance of industrialization. We may then understand why a so-called monolithic structure so often and so suddenly reverses its policy.

Once we begin to look at the internal processes of other countries with some coolness, we may better be able to understand how changes in these other countries have an impress on our own social structure. The degree to which our own economic prosperity—and perhaps, therefore, our stability—has depended on a certain inter-

national division of labor is an open question. What is clear is that political developments in the rest of the world are likely to change the international economy. But the current public discussions about relative growth rates between the Western and Soviet worlds, and between the industrialized and the underdeveloped worlds can yield useful observations only in an atmosphere more dispassionate and more analytical than that of the previous decade.

So much for prologue. It was in 1956 that serious discussion began about "disengagement." Whether it was the Rapacki plan or the Mendes plan, whether the ideas of Kennan or of Denis Healey, this talk seemed to center on the merits or demerits of a partial military withdrawal from Central Europe. It was one of the last acts of the old Dulles-Adenauer diplomatic team to effectively defeat these proposals. From a military point of view, such a withdrawal was a debatable idea—but at least debatable. It was on moral grounds that the suggestions for disengagement were rejected. NATO was a commitment. Once we withdrew U.S. troops to France, would we not next return home—to our old isolation, our own provincial, wicked isolation?

Clearly, a prerequisite to any military disengagement—in the largest sense of that term—is then a moral disengagement. Is the logical consequence of disengagement a provincial, wicked isolation? It is this statement of the alternatives that was and is wrong and self-centered. Our choice is not between total engagement and total withdrawal. It is possible to have a foreign policy which draws some moral lines but does not interpret every issue in these terms. It is possible to have a foreign policy which commits us to being concerned, concerned in detail, with some problems, and permits other developments to occur without any interference. It is possible to intervene responsibly and intelligently, understanding that there are large areas where it is best to sit tight, calmly awaiting the outcome. It is possible, in short, for the question of engagement and disengagement to be separated—in many areas—from that of morality and immorality.

Let me give an example. Cuba and Egypt this year issued a call for a conference of all "underdeveloped nations." It would be a sort of super-Bandung, drawing on Afro-Asia and Latin America. By the time this article appears, this may be a very live issue or it may be totally dead. ["Postponed indefinitely" at press time.—Ed.] Such a conference would obviously have many political consequences, some of which we might adjudge to be beneficial and others not. It is possible that the U.S. would be subject to much attack at such a meeting for its policy in Latin America and Algeria. In the maneuverings before such a conference, when its very convocation remains in question, we might intervene or not. We might consider this as part of our engagement, believing that such a meeting might, let us say, inflate anti-American propaganda in certain regions of the world.

Here is an instance which may, however, call for disengagement, for calmly awaiting the event, for understanding the temporary exigencies which sometimes lead

to verbal extravagances, for analyzing the benefit to us of this development of closer political networks among non-Western groups of peoples. Our concern must be with the substance that underlies such developments. Are these countries developing structures that can hold each together? Are these governments led by persons popularly supported and committed to basic economic and social development? Insofar as such meetings may increase the stability of those regimes which are responsibly engaged in social change, they are good, irrespective of the fact that—or rather, precisely because—they are able to oppose the U.S. diplomatically or politically.

When we do not condemn what we may think are violations of civil rights in some new nation, when we resist sending arms to Eastern European rebels, when we refuse to furnish military equipment to an unpopular, but anti-Communist, dictator, we are not abandoning our faith in democracy or denying our moral heritage. We are asserting it.

In 1918, in Munich, Max Weber spoke to the post-war generation of German university students. He spoke of the difference between an "ethics of absolute ends" and an "ethics of responsibility." He called for passion, but passion controlled by the responsible realization of the consequences of our action, or our inaction. Fleeing from the irresponsibility of isolation, the U.S. acquired in the post-war period a dedication to absolute ends. We have insisted that our moral position required a certain stance, no matter what should occur. We fear that by disengaging we shall return to the fantasies of earlier years. It need not be so. We can go forward, not as a great power, but as a responsible nation in a world community, with a policy that is clear, coherent, and patient, a policy that asserts our ideals but searches for the responsible ways in which to effectuate them.

## IRRELEVANT NEWSPAPERS

WAYNE PHILLIPS & ARNOLD BEICHMAN

Even a cursory survey of the out-of-town newspapers displayed at Hotalings stand in Times Square should convince anyone that American readers are not suffering any dearth of foreign news; they are overwhelmed by it. What the newspapers have neglected—and this is the cause of the irrelevance Mr. Arnold Beichman detects ["America's Irrelevant Newspapers," Spring 1960]—is news of the communities they are supposed to serve.

Every day the readers of most of the small daily newspapers in this country (there are, thank goodness, exceptions) are served up a surfeit of summit negotiations, spy planes, riots in Korea and Turkey, satellites, missiles, and the number of refugees escaping into West Berlin. But they can search their newspapers in vain for any adequate reports of their own racial and religious difficulties, hous-

ing and transportation problems, political and financial manipulations, or any of the other matters that are of far more relevance to them than an intelligent essay on the politics, art or culture of any foreign country.

The period when American publishers neglected foreign news ended with the beginning of World War II. During that war the publishers discovered it was cheaper by far to tear their news off a teletype machine than to hire reporters to cover it. What boilerplate was a generation ago, the teletypesetter has become since the war for publishers seeking to escape their responsibilities. The examples of this irresponsibility are numerous and appalling. But here are just three from my limited experience:

A friend last summer sent me from Alaska a copy of the daily newspaper published in one of the small cities of that new state. I opened it in expectation of learning something about life there. What I learned I had to deduce from the advertisements. From the front page to the back there was not one local story. Every inch of news space was filled with wire service copy from other cities, most of them in other countries.

Four years ago *The New York Times* sent me to cover a trial in the capital of one of our Southern states. There were reporters there from Japan, England, Australia, France, and many other places . . . it was that kind of trial. The office of the local newspaper never assigned a reporter to the trial. It used the Associated Press story —after removing the dateline, of course.

This Spring *The Times* sent me to West Virginia to assist in the coverage of the presidential preference primary between Senators Kennedy and Humphrey. This, too, was a story which had attracted reporters from around the world. Apparently it was of interest to West Virginians too, for their newspapers were filled with wire service stories written by reporters who were strangers to the state—stories often accompanied by some editor's snide comments about how little the reporter seemed to know about West Virginia. Yet in one of the larger cities of that state the publisher of the only daily newspaper had decided he could not spare a reporter to cover even those developments that took place in his city. He made an arrangement with the headquarters of the two candidates to send him daily stories which he agreed to print without changes providing they made no nasty remarks about the opposition. When Senator Humphrey came to that city, the story about his visit was written by a man in the Humphrey headquarters. When Senator Kennedy visited, it was written by a man in his headquarters.

It is all very well to argue, as Mr. Beichman does, that we need more intelligent foreign news in our newspapers. Certainly we do. But our need for intelligent local news is far more desperate. And when publishers can save money by printing foreign news instead of local news, they welcome with open arms critics like Mr. Beichman who seem to be saying that what is good for their pocketbooks is also good for their readers.

Back in the days when the *Denver Post* was published on Champa Street—and I was lucky enough to have worked for that paper then—part of the heritage

from Bonfils and Tammen was a slogan: "A dog fight on Champa Street is more important than a war in Asia."

The pendulum has swung too far . . . With a few more editors with more curiosity about what is going on in the street outside their offices, the newspapers Mr. Beichman criticizes would be much less irrelevant.

WAYNE PHILLIPS

*The New York Times*

1949 M. S., Journalism

1953 M.A., Graduate Faculties  
Hasbrouck Heights, N.J.

Arnold Beichman writes:

Taking Mr. Phillips' point seriatim:

1. The Carnegie Endowment for International Peace undertook in 1956 a six-month survey of 100 newspapers in the United States. It found "less than five per cent of general news in American daily newspapers is devoted to world affairs"; it concluded "only a few newspapers throughout the country now provide adequate coverage of world affairs." (If you omitted the "few" good newspapers, the percentage in the first finding would drop from five to less than two per cent. I have seen the survey.) Anyway, it all depends on what one means by "dearth" or "overwhelmed."

2. Mr. Phillips' horror stories about local news in small-town papers simply proves my point—the average American newspaper is no longer even worth wrapping around Mr. Mencken's fish. The failure of newspapers to cover local news stems from the causes of their failure to cover any news—foreign, national or state. The publisher either doesn't understand or doesn't care. Most American papers which are good at local or national coverage do a good job at covering the world—besides *The New York Times*, the *Herald Tribune*, the *Christian Science Monitor*, there are the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, *Washington Post*, *Louisville Courier-Journal*, *Washington Star*, *Milwaukee Journal*, *Chicago Daily News*, *Baltimore Sun*, *Wall St. Journal*, *Des Moines Register* and I suppose I've left out a few others but not many.

3. I find it difficult to be impressed with any "heritage" from the Bonfils-Tammen era of the *Denver Post*. Bonfils' connection with the Teapot Dome scandal led to his resignation from the American Society of Newspaper Editors. In fact, the *Denver Post*'s ethics under the Bonfils-Tammen regime were such as to make blackmail seem a minor vice. One of the tasteless traditions of the newspaper business is that its practitioners love to quote picturesque aphorisms as if they were revelations from Mount Sinai. Is a dog fight on Champa Street really more important than that war in Asia which took place a few years ago around the 38th Parallel and doubtless caused the death in battle of a few Denver citizens in the wastes of Korea?

4. Among the many reasons for the failure of the American press is the kind of anti-intellectualism which impels an intelligent reporter like Mr. Phillips to argue that local news has "far more relevance . . . than an intelligent essay on the politics, art or culture of any foreign country." This, in the era of T. S. Eliot, Sartre,

Camus, Pasternak, Dudintsev, Orwell.

Mr. Lester Markel, one of the editors of *The New York Times*, a few years ago asserted:

"It is said that the primary job—surely from the circulation point of view—is to print the local news and there is not the space to give much attention to what we denominate as 'foreign news'. Yet I ask whether this news is really 'foreign'. If war explodes again, local youth will be drafted to fight and to die on foreign soil. If local taxes are high, it is because we are spending to resist foreign aggression. If another local recession comes, it may well be because of the barriers in foreign trade. No, this news is not foreign; it is near and immediate. I am confident that the reader will not neglect such news if it is made understandable to him and its urgency is indicated. This, it seems to me, is the great and immediate task of journalism: to translate international news into the language of the main streets elsewhere."

I stand with Mr. Markel.

ARNOLD BEICHMAN  
New York, N.Y.

## THE CAUDILLO-FIGURE

NORMAN A. BAILEY

The latest twist in the tortuous evolution of post-war diplomacy has by now become so commonplace that it scarcely excites interest. Every month the leaders of the world leave their capitals and travel to some far-away spot, there to stand and wave at crowds, make speeches, kiss babies, and, occasionally, dodge vegetables. For lack of a better name, this practice is called "personal diplomacy," and it completely bypasses the normal channels of diplomatic intercourse and usage. Whether personal diplomacy is an improvement over what we might call "traditional diplomacy" is a question to which there may be no clear answer for several years—although the evidence already available would at least cast doubts. Nevertheless, it is possible that the old forms and methods will not do in a world where ideology is supreme; perhaps face-to-face dealing is the only possible way to solve some of the problems of the cold war and the emergent underdeveloped world.

If personal diplomacy is to continue to be the norm in international relations, it will not do merely to attack it or to support it. We must see where it succeeds, where it fails, and what can be done to improve it. There has

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been one vital element missing from personal diplomacy as practiced by the United States, at least in relation to Latin America. If that element continues to be missing, personal diplomacy will not work in that area of the world, and we would be wise to revert to traditional diplomacy.

Anyone who travels extensively in Latin America or deals day-to-day with Latin-Americans cannot fail to be struck by the great affection they still feel for the late Franklin Delano Roosevelt. The remarks are constantly heard: "If only Roosevelt were still alive," or "Roosevelt was a great man, he understood us." Even avowed enemies of the United States speak with respect of Roosevelt, and because of him, of the Democratic Party. In his book *La Batalla de Guatemala*, a bitter indictment of the part the United States played in the overthrow of the communist-dominated Guatemalan government in 1954, Guillermo Toriello, Minister of Foreign Relations under the leftist regime, says: "Among the horrors of the tragedy [the Second World War] the apostolic figure of Roosevelt had illuminated the people of the world with hope; hope for the brotherhood of nations, freedom from oppression, misery and fear; he had given them hope that there would be, particularly in the Western Hemisphere 'no more first and second class nations,' but that all would be equal . . . During the Truman administration the Good Neighbor Policy of Roosevelt became diluted . . . The administration changed in the United States in January of 1953, and with it the party in power. A premonition of catastrophe ran through all of Latin America." (pp. 63 and 65. N.B.'s translation) Now the Good Neighbor Policy was not actually formulated during President Roosevelt's administration. The Good Neighbor Policy was foreshadowed by the Clark Memorandum in 1930 and the Hoover administration began the practical implementation of the new policy that Roosevelt merely elaborated and popularized after his inauguration. Yet Roosevelt reaped all the political benefits of the Good Neighbor Policy, and it is his name, not Hoover's, that is venerated in Latin America. What common element can we find in Roosevelt's success in Latin America, Nixon's failure in 1958, and the eager anticipation that greeted President Eisenhower's recent trip there?

It is well known that Latin American family life, schooling—most of her social, political, and economic institutions—inspire a readiness to surrender responsibility and authority to a *jefe*, *cacique*, *Director Supremo*, or *caudillo* (the word *caudillo* is similar in meaning to *führer* in German or *duce* in Italian. Franco styles himself *Caudillo de España*). The political history of Latin America is the history of the various more or less successful attempts to replace this dependence upon a single man with collective responsibility for the direction of national affairs through the medium of the ballot-box. Professor Frank Tannenbaum of Columbia University has written that the Latin Americans are engaged in a constant search for a "symbol of authority," and *personalismo* is still the plague of the Hemisphere. It may be said that what the Latin Americans want is a "caudillo-figure," to whom they can transfer the responsibili-

ties they do not wish to face.

This concept is as useful in the international sphere as it is in the domestic. The United States is the dominant power in the Western Hemisphere so completely that any challenge to its position is unthinkable in the foreseeable future. This northern giant is looked upon by Latin Americans with a mixture of hate, fear, respect and hope. From the United States come laws, decrees and policies which may, perhaps unintentionally, have grave repercussions in Latin America, much as an elephant stretching may crush several small animals without intending to. The legislation passed by the United States Congress is often of graver import to a Latin American country than the laws passed by its own legislative body. But it is difficult comfortably to love or hate something as big and impersonal as the United States itself. Consequently, the Yankee President takes on a symbolic importance far beyond his actual power and prestige. President Roosevelt was admirably suited to play the part of father- or *caudillo*-figure. He was a master popularizer, a consummate phrase maker. His sense of timing and occasion was superb. And most importantly, he was a genuine leader. Where he led and whether he led in the right direction is not the point here. The point is that he led, and he led with great effectiveness and an immense flair for projecting his own image. Vice-President Nixon could scarcely be anyone's father-figure, and the Latin Americans rejected him accordingly. The case of Eisenhower is more complicated. He is admirably equipped physically to play the *caudillo*-figure for the Latin Americans. He has warmth and sincerity and a marvelous smile: the crowds cheer. Unlike Roosevelt, however, Eisenhower has not made use of these advantages to lead. Thus there is disappointment—and resentment.

Until the Second World War, the only part of the world where the United States was continuously and heavily engaged was Latin America. The Latin Americans were far from happy over some of the manifestations of this concern, but the one thing that they could not complain of was neglect. Since the end of the war the Latin Americans have felt, and justifiably so, that they have been neglected, and taken for granted. It is not so much that the Good Neighbor Policy has been reversed, but simply that it has not been expanded, or given new direction, and that it remains essentially the same as it was during the 1930's. The old policies no longer sufficed after the war, but nothing new took their place. A sizable amount of military aid was granted, which the Latin Americans did not need, and, excepting the Armed Forces, did not want, but Latin America was not consulted on political matters and its new economic wants and aspirations were not taken into account. At the Eleventh Inter-American Conference at Caracas in 1954, Secretary of State Dulles remained only long enough to railroad through the adoption of his anti-communist resolution, and then left, just at the moment the Conference was about to take up the economic issues so dear to the hearts of the Latin delegations. We have all had the experience of trying to inject a comment into a heated conversation between two oblivious friends, until in utter frustration we stand up and shout "Listen to me!"

The stoning of Vice-President Nixon in South America was a very similar, and very human, reaction.

It is true, of course, and the Latin Americans understand, that the United States now has global responsibilities, and cannot concentrate exclusively on Hemisphere matters, as it did in the past. But the lack of strong leadership from the United States is not merely a problem of U.S.-Latin American relations. This lack has been felt throughout the world over the last few years. It is relatively more important, though, in the underdeveloped areas, which do not have long traditions of strong, centralized rule to draw upon. It is particularly strongly felt in Latin America, with its need for a unifying centralizing authority, both internal and external. This, then, is the explanation of the nostalgia our neighbors feel for the memory of Franklin Delano Roosevelt, a *caudillo*, if the United States ever had one. It explains their displeasure with weak and vacillating leadership today. It explains their reception of Vice-President Nixon, who epitomized for them all the worst aspects of United States inter-American policy after the war. And because of their great desire for another international *caudillo* with the magnetism and charismatic qualities of a Roosevelt, combined with his friendly and understanding attitude towards Latin America, it explains why they flocked to see if they would perhaps find such a man in an Eisenhower transformed, they hoped, since the death of Dulles. Finally, it suggests that many, if not all, of our current inter-American problems will be well on their way to solution the moment that the United States again asserts boldly and imaginatively its leadership of the free world.

## THE WORLD IN MINIATURE

AGNES AND LEO GRULIOW

GENEVA

Switzerland has four languages and a varied topography and guidebooks are given to calling it "Europe in Miniature." The republic of Geneva, perched on the edge of France and more Gallic than Swiss, could be described with equal justice as rapidly becoming "the world in miniature." This city has played host to international agencies and conferences for almost a century, if one reckons from the founding of the International Red Cross in 1864. As the seat of the League of Nations, Geneva became a byword (and the title of a play by

Agnes Gruliov has worked with the Columbia Greenhouse Nursery School. Leo Gruliov, editor of The Current Digest of the Soviet Press, published at Columbia, was a visiting professor at Geneva's Graduate Institute of International Studies during the past year. His "Adubai and His New Izvestia" appeared in the Fall 1959 issue of the COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY FORUM.

George Bernard Shaw) between the wars.

But all past experience could not prepare the Genevieve for the city's burgeoning as an international center since World War II. The international agencies in Geneva run to more than a hundred. They include the International Labor Organization, the Center for European Nuclear Research, the World Council of Churches, the International Broadcasting Union, the World Health Organization, the International Standardization Organization and, of course, the European headquarters of the United Nations. The UN occupies the largest office building on the Continent. Around the giants clusters a gaggle of middling institutions, such as the International Commission of Jurists, and a few diminutive ones, like the Quaker International Center, which fits into a converted apartment.

Neither Washington nor Moscow could match Geneva in international organizations, which are twice complicated by the diversity of languages. The I.L.O. becomes the B.I.T. in French, the W.H.O. is the O.M.S., and the U.N. is the O.N.U. Signboards suggest a wondrous alphabet soup.

To the initialled and permanent organizations add the occasional diplomatic conferences—the disarmament negotiations are the most recent long-run attraction—and the less publicized technical meetings, such as those of the International Telecommunications Union. In Geneva a green baize table is not for gaming, and every dinner is a diplomatic launching pad.

Above the heads of the crowds on the Rue du Mont Blanc bob turbans, berets, bowlers and Astrakhans. Saris arouse no more curiosity and probably less interest than the prevailing *bouffant* skirts. The ordinary Geneva newsstand displays the press of Britain, France, Germany, Holland, Italy, and Sweden and the overseas editions of American dailies and newsmagazines, not to mention Swiss papers in three languages. As one Geneva editor remarked, "We have the best informed and most critical audience in the world here. There is no country and hardly a subject on which Geneva does not have an expert."

But the "internationals" are only a part of the transient population. Foreign business finds a happy haven here, thanks to Geneva's location at a crossroads of Europe, its sixty-two efficient banks (not counting branches) and the city's generous tax provisions. The business influx has swelled since Europe has been at inner sixes and outer sevens. Corporations with headquarters in the sixteen Common Market have found it desirable to establish parallel establishments in the Outer Seven, to which Switzerland belongs. Half of the 125 American companies which have opened headquarters in Geneva came in the past two years.

And then there are the refugees to whom Geneva has been hospitable ever since a group of them established Calvinism here. And foreign students—more than 1,700—form half the attendance at the university Calvin founded 400 years ago. Just to thicken the pot, Geneva, like all Switzerland, is short of manpower and depends upon labor imports, chiefly from Italy. The Italian population of Geneva is more than 17,000.

The total resident foreign population, then, is approxi-

mately 50,000. In New York City this might be a trifling figure. But in a city of less than 250,000 it constitutes a minority that could distort Geneva's whole way of life, especially if one views the question from the standpoint of the *Genevois*. He regards the 116,000 citizens of the other Swiss cantons who reside in Geneva—the *confédérés*—as foreigners too. The 76,000 indigenous Genevieve, like the Kazakhs in Soviet Central Asia, have become a minority in their own republic.

It is no good saying that Geneva is used to the foreigner. When the intransigent Union of Patriotic Societies protested in April that "we must defend our heritage" against the foreign invasion and "its depraved ideology," city councilors defended the foreigners. They pointed out, among other things, that the situation had been worse fifty years earlier, when some Genevieve likewise complained that the city was being inundated by foreigners. In those days the city contained 70,000 outlanders among 100,000 Swiss, a far higher proportion. But 65,000 of the foreigners then were laborers or farmers from neighboring Savoy or from Italy. They posed no threat to the canton's simple, even austere way of life, and the majority of them returned to their own countries after the first world war. The current influx is of a different kind. It has brought relatively highly paid *fonctionnaires*, business executives and white-collar workers, an income elite that is extraordinarily heterogeneous in its tastes and aspirations into what was once a compact and stable society.

A booklet concerned primarily with the adjustment problems of the transient foreign resident has been written jointly by an American mental health specialist, a Genevieve psychiatrist, an American social worker and a Scottish doctor. No booklet has been written for the Genevieve, who may need it more.

"Instead of buying up watches and cuckoo clocks at tourist prices, the resident foreigners buy up homes and apartments and domestic help at competitive prices considerably higher than the local inhabitants can afford," notes the book in explaining the reserve of many Genevieve. The Genevieve are too polite to make the foreigner uncomfortable, but the foreign resident cannot help being aware of the difficulties he has helped to create and in which he shares. He knows, for instance, that office space is at a premium. The World Council of Churches is laying out large new headquarters; the World Health Organization is planning a building of its own; the European Nuclear Research Center has erected a settlement outside the town; construction is going on at the Battelle Memorial Institute; the Graduate Institute of International Studies has enlarged its home; the university is embarked on an expansion program; and Near Eastern and French venture capital has been invested in office building construction. None of it is enough.

The housing pinch is even worse. In 1950 Geneva had 747 empty dwelling units. In 1958 there were only ten, nine of which were built before 1918. New construction has been rapid, but not rapid enough. Almost a thousand new apartments were opened in 1959; but there were 1,685 applications on the waiting list for housing, and

1,237 of the applicants were newlywed couples or families living with parents or friends. Soaring rentals and sometimes sharp real estate practices have come as by-products of the acute housing crisis.

Geneva cannot plan her expansion because that depends on world affairs. Natural population growth is almost nil—the annual population gain of 4,500 is due entirely to the unpredictable influx of outsiders. Land and building costs meanwhile are extremely high.

Like Manhattan, Geneva also suffers from absolute space limitations. The canton is almost the smallest in Switzerland. Its quarter of a million people live in an enclave squeezed between pincers of French territory. Several large apartment centers have been erected in the countryside: tall, modern buildings looming up grotesquely in the midst of pasturage and vineyards. There are plans for additional "city satellites." But the Genevese cherish their villages and gracious countryside and are reluctant to see them turn into a string of suburbs. They are equally reluctant to see their leisurely, tree-lined streets become bustling routes lined with steel, cement and glass.

Pamphlets with titles such as "Geneva without Urbanism!" and "Quo Vadis?" appear in one's mailbox. "Geneva has been in the hands of the barbarians for fifteen years!" cries *le Citoyen Libre*, "a nonconformist organ published whenever necessary." *Le Citoyen Libre* wants the quais retained as promenades, uncluttered with additional office buildings, and it objects to proposals for erecting a fifth bridge over the Rhone to cope with the increasing traffic in the center of the city. It wants the traffic shunted to the edge of the town.

But then all Europe is becoming a four-wheeled society in the American manner. The gasoline fumes are the signal that incomes are rising; parking meters are springing up all over Geneva. There were 68,352 automobiles in Geneva last year and 90,000 bicycles.

These are simply the evils of galloping urbanism, of course. If the foreigner sometimes gets an unjust share of the blame, he can retort that the disease is endemic to the growth of modern society, that his coming merely hastened its course, and that many other cities without large foreign populations are in worse state. The marvel is that in spite of spreading urbanism Geneva remains a lovely city—which is, naturally, one reason why the foreigners keep coming.

## THE SCIENTIFIC WISDOM

### A COMMENT

Professor Lekachman seems to criticize C. P. Snow's thesis ["Some Reflections on Modern Ignorance: Snowing in America"; Spring 1960] on rather limited grounds. To be sure, some of the circumstances are different, and probably better, here. In Eng-

land, for example, absurd as it may seem, there are no engineers at the Ministry of Power. Engineers' capital estimates for the Central Electricity Authority are passed upon by the classicists at the Ministry who are thus easily subjected to—with apologies to Sir Charles—"snow jobs." Many of the troubles of the British nationalized industries have resulted from poorly evaluated capital investment and a lack of "quis custodes, etc." Chemistry in the public schools is still known as "stinks" and the British nickname for a scientist, "boffin," is about as much a term of endearment as "egghead."

However, scientists should not grumble too much about lack of public understanding. One remembers the commonplace that if two groups really knew each other, they would very likely tear each other limb from limb. Scientists and engineers have given the world an appalling number of dangerous toys. The very invention of flight, for example, is probably, on balance, a curse. True, the non-scientists misuse the gadgets, but if they weren't there, they could not be used or misused.

A large proportion of the world's scientists work for the destruction of life. Though Sir Charles himself is "on the side of the angels," his own scientific reputation rests on war work. Nobody should blame literati, such as J. B. Priestley or Aldous Huxley, for blasting this distressingly large proportion. If we see the killing effect of weapons as a mathematical abstraction, a problem akin to inventory reduction, it is no wonder that laymen and many scientists are nauseated. A paper recently presented at a meeting in New York discussed the selection of ICBM warheads according to the following neat criteria: 1. Area and hardness of target. 2. Number of targets of various hardness and areas. 3. Desired damage level to targets. 4. Desired probability of achieving stated damage level. . . . 5. Warhead weight vs. yield [Yield of what? Corpses?] . . . 8. Missile system cost (amortized initial investment plus annual [sic] operating costs) vs. missile payload. . . .

This example is only one of many mathematical models of doomsday. Others concern themselves with more specialized hardware.

We might comfort ourselves that if the deterrent deters (a point open to question), this sort of thing will remain a slightly obscene form of mathematical puzzle. However, let us remember that some German engineers, members of a profession well respected in their country, devised all the structures, plumbing, and supplies for the gas chambers and crematoria, with special sizes for children.

Despite honorable and brave exceptions, there are many engineers and scientists who, after working on the most dreadful devices all day, happily return to suburban bliss, as if nothing had happened. If some literary type suffers agonies over the moral implications of all this and still remains ignorant of the second—or any other—law of thermodynamics, I would be delighted to congratulate him on his onesidedness.

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## "BOTH CRITICS AND ARCHITECTS": GRAYSON KIRK

*From the address delivered by Grayson Kirk, President of Columbia University, at the Commencement Exercises in June 1960.*

The university of today is drawn closer to the contemporary world by other influences than those exerted by the sheer weight of numbers. In our time, the life of each individual becomes steadily more complicated. As our economy matures and our population grows, our civilization becomes predominantly urban and industrial. In such a society the individual becomes less independent, less self-sufficient, less capable of protecting himself against the hazards of life. Social organization becomes more complex, more regulatory in character. Amid these growing complexities of life in our time we may pause on occasion to envy Thoreau or the Village Blacksmith, but we know that this is no more than idle musing. We are not permitted the choice to live under a chestnut tree or on the shores of Walden Pond. Ours is the task to redefine for our time the age-old problem of reconciling liberty with order, justice with individual rights.

The same is true of our nation in its dealings with others. Within the span of the last fifty years, space has been annihilated. National cultures that had existed for centuries in conditions of great variety and virtual autonomy now are obliged to multiply their organized contacts. Official inter-governmental organizations grow in number and variety year by year. Our government, for example, participated in 343 international conferences and meetings in the year 1957-58. The world gropes toward the inevitable organization of international life, but it is forced to do so at a time when ideological divisions cut ever deeper cleavages among the nations and when the world is made turbulent by the birth-pangs of scores of newly independent states. Yet we know that, despite the obstacles, we must rapidly achieve a world that is organized against the menace of destruction, but which, nonetheless, preserves the genius and personality of each people.

In such an era of mingled menace and promise, the university, like the nation and the individual, must accept the new conditions of its life and the obligations which this condition entails. The dust of history has settled as irrevocably over the ivory tower as over the village smithy.

The domestic and international problems to which I have just referred will not be solved except by the leadership of the universities. No other social organism possesses the same capacity for objective analysis. No other organism has the same awareness of the accumulated experience of the past and of the contemporary trial and error of other peoples. In no other organism is there the same opportunity for reflection and for the expression of mature and considered judgment.

If this is true, then our problem is to discover how the universities can best perform their service to the nation. We must also consider precisely what this service is.

To deal with the second point first, it would be easy—

too easy—to say merely that the university must train more leaders, in all new and developing fields, and to train them more rigorously than in the past. It would be easy to say that we must make our students more aware than ever before of the issues which, as citizens, they must understand and evaluate intelligently. It would be equally simple, and equally self-evident, to say that we must do what we can, within reasonable limits, to be mindful in our scientific research as to which solutions would most benefit our society. All these things we accept because they are the service which the university is expected to give to the community from which it derives its support.

But the university must be, also, analyst and mentor to society itself. Professor Baugniet, Honorary Rector of the University of Brussels and President of the International Association of Universities, has described this clearly, saying, ". . . It is a good thing to serve society; but society must constantly be remade—and herein lies the key to the great public responsibility of our time."

In the long vista of history, this task, if well done, is among the university's greatest contributions to its country. Since men are prone to resist change until the need becomes imperative, such a function is not always welcomed. But in our world social mechanisms must adapt to changing conditions if a society is to survive and flourish. For this, the climate of a university is the most favorable of all because its scholars can be both critics and architects, seeking only truth, justice, and social good as their goals.

How this can be carried out requires little comment. Though the university requires the support of society for its existence, it can be most useful only if it is relatively free from external controls. If, as in some societies, the university is merely an instrumentality of the state, it can never be more than a training school and a service station. If its function is thus circumscribed, it will fail—it must fail—to perform as the harbinger of the future. It is the glory of the societies of the free world that this need for autonomy is recognized and honored both by tradition and by common sense. In the long run, the non-free societies will pay a heavy price for their failure to understand their proper relationship to their universities.

These are truths which must be remembered. If you rush to the telephone or to your typewriter in angry protest whenever a professor of your university makes a speech or writes a book with which you disagree, then you have failed to understand one of the essential purposes of our corporate existence. If our society is to realize the promise of its destiny, it must be disciplined as well as free, adaptable to change yet mindful of the need to safeguard the dignity of the individual. In this university, and in its sister institutions throughout the land, lies the best hope of our people for the future we seek, the future our world must have.

# Columbia

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## CHRONICLE

A concise review  
of recent news from  
Columbia University

More than 12,000 persons assembled in front of Low Memorial Library on Wednesday, June 1, to witness the Commencement Exercises closing Columbia University's 206th academic year.

In addition to the 6,340 degrees conferred on graduates of the schools and colleges of the University and its three affiliated institutions, eleven honorary degrees were awarded by Dr. Grayson Kirk, president of the University, to leaders in science, education, religion, industry, and government.

The honorary Doctor of Science degree was awarded to James Brown Fisk, president of the Bell Telephone Laboratories; Laurence McKinley Gould, president of Carleton College; Albert Joseph McConnell, provost of Trinity College (Ireland); and Hyman George Rickover, vice admiral, United States Navy. Horace William Baden Donegan, Episcopal Bishop of New York, received the honorary Doctor of Sacred Theology degree. Allan Nevins, De Witt Clinton, professor emeritus of American history, Columbia University, and Mark Van Doren, professor emeritus of English, Columbia University, were the recipients of the honorary Doctor of Humane Letters degree. The honorary Doctor of Laws degree was conferred on Frank Pace, Jr., chairman of the board

of General Dynamics Corporation; Joseph Campbell, Comptroller General of the United States; Lister Hill, United States Senator from Alabama; and Henry Cabot Lodge, United States Ambassador to the United Nations.

Dr. Kirk delivered the principal Commencement address [see page 49].

• A recent survey of European philanthropy by Shephard B. Clough, professor of European history at Columbia, prompted the conclusion that "the state's role in welfare, and indeed in all aspects of life, will undoubtedly keep growing so long as we have a democratic way of life." Writing in the *Political Science Quarterly*, Mr. Clough reported that philanthropic contributions in Western Europe amount to less than one-half of 1 per cent of national income per year—in comparison to some 2 per cent in the United States.

Modern wealthy Europeans have little "psychic surplus" after a taxation that does not allow generous deductions for charity, Mr. Clough said. Further explaining a decline in private giving on the Continent, the author pointed out that the European governments provide such a great amount of social and medical welfare services that, short of a revolution in taxation and giving, it is impossible to see how such services could be supported privately.

Although he terms it "exceedingly risky" to predict whether European trends in philanthropy will establish themselves in the United States, Mr. Clough does believe the modern state will continue to assume more and more responsibility for the clear needs of citizens.

• Six students from Columbia University are spending the summer living in Indian villages in Ecuador, Peru, and Mexico, studying Indian cultures and their adaptation to modern national societies. The trip is supported by a grant from the Carnegie Corporation of New York.

• Quite a few prominent Americans appear to favor the establishment of a world law court whose decisions could be enforced. Half of the Who's

Who listees queried recently by Columbia University's Bureau of Applied Social Research were amiable toward the idea. The proposal most commonly favored was that the United States grant the International Court of Justice "compulsory jurisdiction" in disputes between the United States and other countries over international issues. At present, the International Court can only act when invited to do so by disputing nations. The study was conducted for the Pierce Butler, Jr., Foundation for Education in World Law.

• By analyzing deep-sea sediment cores stored at the Lamont Geological Observatory, scientists from Columbia University, Amherst College, and the Marine Biological Station of Caracas, Venezuela, will attempt to chart the distribution of water temperature in the North Atlantic during the last Ice Age. This information could lead to knowledge about the ocean currents at that time, and this in turn may furnish more data on the cause of the ice ages. The National Science Foundation has awarded a \$113,000 grant for the study by the three institutions.

• A community pool of hospital resources and a number of other recommendations for more equitable hospital and insurance charges were advanced in a report this May on Blue Cross health insurance operations in New York State. The report was prepared by the Columbia School of Public Health and Administrative Medicine. The study, ordered by New York State two years ago, was directed by Dr. Ray E. Trussell and is expected to affect the State's decision this year about granting the New York City Blue Cross plan a 37 per cent rate increase in premiums.

In considering the rising costs of hospital maintenance that make frequent raises in hospital insurance rates necessary, the Columbia report suggested where possible savings can be made—by curtailing unnecessary hospitalization and duplication of expensive equipment and facilities and unnecessary plant embellishments. Dr. Trussell further recommended that a State Hospital and Planning Commission be set up, to

cooperate with a network of regional councils representing medicine, the hospitals, Blue Cross, labor, industry, and the public. The commission would appraise hospital efficiency and new proposals as well as review requests for insurance premium rises and benefit changes in the future.

Alumni of all divisions of the University will converge upon Baker Field in upper Manhattan on October 15 for the Fall Reunion and the Columbia-Harvard football game. President Grayson Kirk will greet Columbians returning to Baker Field for the all-day affair, which is sponsored by the Alumni Federation of Columbia University. Inquiries should be directed to the Alumni Federation.

Some 800 lawyers in the New York metropolitan area are being interviewed as part of the School of Law's two-year study of the activities, clients, and skills of individual lawyers and those in small firms—the "average practitioner," who is widely seen but little scrutinized. The study is financed by a portion of a \$57,900 grant from the Russell Sage Foundation, and the Bureau of Applied Social Research is providing technical assistance.

Meteorites and possibly some planets of our own solar system may have been formed over the millions of years by a three-stage process of collision, fragmentation, and fusion, suggested Harold C. Urey in an address at Columbia University this spring. Dr. Urey, a former faculty member at Columbia and now professor of chemistry at the University of California set forth his theory as follows: Originally, a number of 'moons' were in orbit around the sun, containing a variety of minerals. Eventually, some of these bodies collided with each other, breaking into fragments. These fragments then smashed into others, either breaking apart or, in a gentle collision, joining. The new bodies thus formed became meteorites or the inner planets Mercury, Venus, Earth, and Mars.

Dr. Urey conceded a number of

gaps in the data necessary to bear out this theory, but he argued that the composition of meteorites—varying mineral proportions in fragmentary patterns and diamonds (which can only be produced at intense pressures at the center of moon-sized bodies)—indicates "not a little special event" but a general process that may have affected the solar region near the earth.

Dr. Urey speculated that the moon itself was a free body that had missed colliding with the earth and then had become trapped in the earth's gravitational field.

Suggestions for the profitable peacetime use of defense funds that would be released in the event of disarmament are being made by a committee of seven scholars recently named by the Democratic Advisory Council. Dr. Polykarp Kusch, winner of the 1955 Nobel Prize in physics and chemistry and professor of physics at Columbia, and Seymour E. Harris, Littauer professor of political economy at Harvard, are co-chairmen of the new Committee on the Economics of Peace. Aiming at the "kind of stability" needed for keeping the world at peace, the group "will consider such opportunities as exist" for peaceful work in the space age: expanded trade in the free world; long-delayed resource development, school construction, urban and suburban development, the clearing of rural slums, and improving underdeveloped parts of our own and other countries.

Columbia sociologist Herbert Hyman is one of three statisticians who will make an independent study of radio and television rating services. The House Subcommittee on Legislative Oversight is financing the study.

It would seem that certain predictions on the dangers of radioactive fallout, at least in the air, have been too pessimistic, in the light of new data set before a meeting of the American Chemical Society this spring by Dr. J. Laurence Kulp of Columbia's Lamont Geological Observatory. Dr. Kulp, a member of an Atomic Energy Commission panel on fallout, said that the total amount

of radioactive contamination of the air from tests during the past fifteen years has been less than expected. He also reported an estimate that all but 10 per cent of the fission products from all past tests have already reached the ground. Other reports indicated that contamination of plants was less automatic than once believed. If no more bombs are exploded, this year will see the levels of strontium-90 and other fallout substances in American foods appreciably reduced, and one-fourth as much absorbed into the bones of young children than during last year.

The only way to eliminate the danger of nuclear warfare is by disarmament, said New Jersey Governor Robert E. Meyner, speaking before a political assembly at Columbia this spring. Governor Meyner charged advocates of fallout shelters in private homes with "practicing a cruel deception" by failing to disclose "openly and clearly" the limitation of such shelters. In direct-hit areas, he said, "what you'd have are not shelters but ovens."

The "myopic" humanists who regard art and philosophy as the highest human accomplishments and ignore man's scientific and technological commitments and achievements were sharply criticized recently by Dean John R. Dunning of the Columbia University School of Engineering. In his latest report to the President and Trustees, Dean Dunning asserted that the old sharp distinctions and rankings between "science" and "liberal arts" are obsolete because of four facts: first, within our own lifetimes the exhaustion of coal and oil resources will force us to draw upon nuclear energy as a substitute; second, automation will most likely free man from hard physical labor; third, modern weapons being what they are, no one can really count on living more than another half hour; and fourth, space travel becomes more feasible with every passing decade.

In the light of these facts, Dean Dunning said, "it is surely a provincialism of the intellect, to hold that a man who knows history, literature, and foreign languages but

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York 27, New York.

not mathematics, physics, and biology is an educated man." Dean Dunning pointed out that science and technology are themselves liberal arts: "Liberal education has always been concerned with establishing man's position in the universe, and now that modern man has achieved an unprecedented degree of control over his physical destiny, our ideas of that position are changing."

●

In full academic robes, Columbia faculty members, students, and Trustees walked in solemn procession to Ferris Booth Hall on May 5 to take part in the formal dedication of Columbia College's new student center. The \$4,300,000 glass-fronted, brick and limestone building at 115th Street and Broadway is designed to house a full range of non-athletic extra-curricular activities. President Kirk and other University officials spoke at the dedication and the Columbia College Band and Glee Club performed "Commemoration," written especially for the dedication by Jack Beeson, professor of music.

●

While the Mayor of New York City is its "symbol of unity" and "the central focus of responsibility and accountability," a new book, *Governing New York City*, shows him to be "severely handicapped in authority." The 815-page study of the city, by Professors Wallace S. Sayre of Columbia and Herbert Kaufman of Yale, financed by the Russell Sage Foundation, criticizes the workings of the Board of Estimate and calls for a number of charter reforms to grant more powers to the Mayor and fewer to his subordinates. The book concludes, however: "The City of New York can confidently ask: What other large American city is as democratically and well governed?"

●

The University's Bancroft Prizes in history were awarded this spring to Margaret Leech, for her book *In the Days of McKinley*, and to R. R. Palmer for *The Age of the Demo-*

*catic Revolution*. The \$3,000 prizes—among the largest awards available to historians—are given by the University for distinguished studies in American history, diplomacy, and international relations. They were established in the will of Frederic Bancroft, historian and former librarian of the US Department of State, and have been awarded yearly since 1948.

●

The first agreement over an academic exchange between Argentina and the United States was signed this May, providing for Columbia faculty members to preside over faculty seminars at the University of Buenos Aires; they will not instruct students. Teachers from Buenos Aires will study at Columbia and other American institutions that Columbia may recommend. The agreement was approved by the Council of the Faculties of Economic Sciences at Buenos Aires, together with the faculty and administration of the Columbia Graduate School of Business.

●

The Columbia campus was host to a variety of visitors this spring. In June, Norman O. Brown, professor of classics at Wesleyan University, delivered the Phi Beta Kappa oration, and on the same occasion, Robert Lowell read the Phi Beta Kappa poem. Also in June, William O. Douglas, John J. McCloy, Victor Reuther, and Hyman Rickover took part in a public discussion of "Intellect and Democracy: A House Divided?"

At different times earlier in the season, Ayn Rand, Eleanor Roosevelt, Bruno Snell, Salvatore Quasimodo, and Robert Penn Warren were guest speakers. Harry Truman was on hand one day to autograph copies of his recent *Truman Speaks*, and Yogi Berra toured the campus in May with the young man who was the first recipient of the scholarship fund established by the Yankee catcher [FORUM, Winter 1960].

Twenty-eight Soviet tourists from Tiflis in Georgia inspected the Medical Center, dispensing souvenir medallions to children, before touring the rest of the University.

